DECEMBER 1921 35¢

SHADOWLAND



A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

"Beauty Is Only Skin Deep"

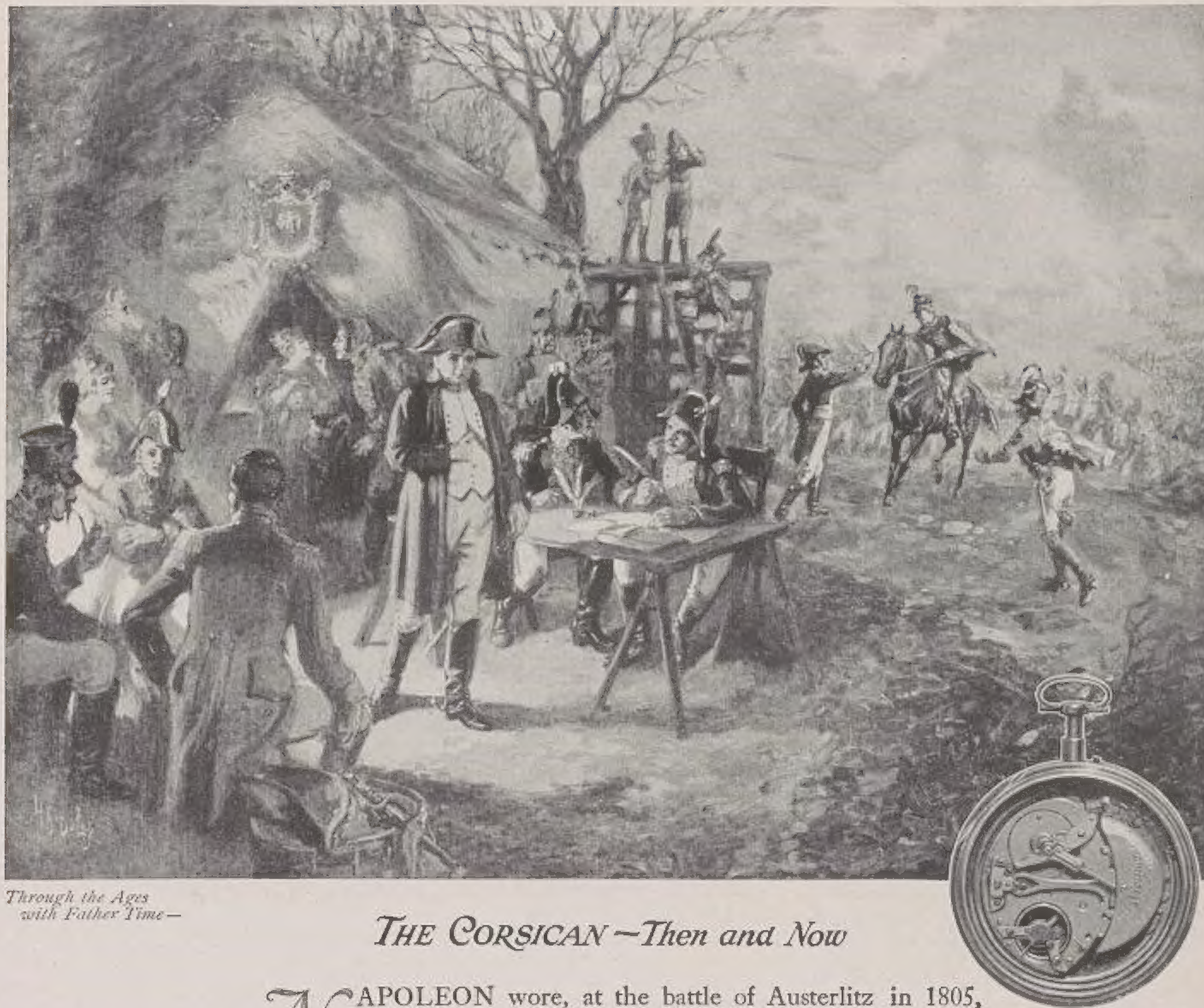
A GOLD BRICK always looks good. It has to. Its promising appearance is its sole virtue. Looks alone will not sell goods today. Merchandise with a name—the name of its maker—has the call. For only the maker of worthy goods can long afford to advertise. At the High Court of Public Opinion any other sort is soon condemned.

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NEW MAGAZINE

Beauty

Beauty Secrets
For Every Woman

AND, like *Motion Picture, Classic* and *Shadowland* (particularly *Shadowland*), it will be a *Beauty*. She will be dressed in the finest clothes we can find. The paper and printing, cover design, engravings, paintings and text will be truly beautiful, and you will want it on your library table for that reason alone. But if there is a woman in your family, either daughter, mother, grandmother or aunt, you simply cant do without it. If one does not insist on it, the other will—probably *all*. The gentle art of

How To Be Beautiful

will be treated by the greatest authorities. Noted beauties will tell their Beauty Secrets. Beauty Parlor Experts will tell how to make the human face more beautiful and how to preserve Beauty. There will be an "Answer Man," who will answer all kinds of questions on how to powder, paint, cold-cream, bathe and treat the face; on how to manage the eyebrows, lips, hair, hands, etc., and on everything pertaining to beautifying the human face and form divine. Here is a list of some of our distinguished contributors:

Elsie Ferguson	Norma Talmadge	Corinne Griffith
Katherine MacDonald	Corliss Palmer	Gladys Hall
Dorothy Donnell	Agnes Ayres	Ruth Roland
Constance Talmadge	Lillian Gish	Lillian Montanye
Dorothy Gish	Gloria Swanson	Anetha Getwell
Pauline Frederick	Blanche McGarity	And many others.

"I want to help you grow as beautiful as God meant you to be when He thought of you first."

We want to help every woman to be more beautiful than she is, and then help her to preserve that beauty. We hold that it is the duty of every woman to be as beautiful as she can, and that it is our duty to show her how. Just glance over a few of these titles:

- Rouge and Lip Salve.
- Those False Eye Lashes.
- The Harmony of Colors.
- The Effect of Beauty on the Senses.
- How to Train the Eyebrows.
- Making the Old Look Young.
- Preparing for Bed. What must my Lady do at Night for the Morrow?
- Massage.
- Blackheads.
- Pimples.
- Freckles.
- Fresh Air and Beauty.
- Foundation Cream.
- Charm. How artificial means add to it.
- Does Beauty appeal to man more than personality.
- Expression. How make-up can make or mar it.
- That muddy complexion.
- Do Men admire the painted Girl.

These few can give you but a vague idea of the plan and scope of this wonderful magazine. Every issue will contain an appropriate short story, good for anybody to read, but particularly interesting to women who want to beautify themselves. And dont forget that many well-known beauties will write on

Beauty Secrets For Every Woman

Surely, out of all this wonderful mass of material, you can find one or more items that will alone be worth the price of the magazine. The first issue will appear on the news stands about January 8th.

Place Your Order Now With Your Dealer!

There is always a rush for a new magazine. It will be a real scrimmage for this one, for we are printing only 100,000 copies to start with. If you wish to subscribe, the rate is $2.50 a year. *Each number will contain several paintings worth that, suitable for framing.* And you will get twelve numbers for $2.50.

Don't Forget the Date, January 8th, 1922

BUY BEAUTY!

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

DECEMBER, 1921

VOLUME V

NUMBER 4

Important Features in this Issue:

ADOLESCENCE . . . . *Harry Kemp*
A brilliant one-act play built about the fascinating character of Don Juan

A LITERARY VOLSTEAD ACT . . . . *Ernest Boyd*
How a prohibition amendment ought to be applied to literature

D. H. LAWRENCE: Laureate of Love . . *Frank Harris*
An analysis of the author and poet who came from a coal miner's cottage

PROVINCETOWN: Port of Art and Letters
. . . . *Oliver M. Sayler*
The fishing village which has developed into a holiday Greenwich Village

HOLLYWOOD: Its Morals and Manners
. . . . *Theodore Dreiser*
The second of the fearless Mr. Dreiser's findings in the capital of moviedom

THE BURMESE THEATER . . . . *Vincent Anderson*
Where the actors appear for the love of it and where there are no ticket speculators

THE SWEDISH BALLET . . . . *Pitts Sanborn*
Something of the newest movement in terpsichore which has been sweeping the Continent

ROBINSON: The Divided Mystic . . . . *Babette Deutsch*
Miss Deutsch's newest article on American masters of verse treats of the poet with the disillusioned faith

A HIGH NORTHERN RENAISSANCE
. . . . *Edgar Holger Cahill*
Of the literary men who are coming out of Iceland *via* Denmark

Interviews with interesting people of the Stage and Screen, and Departments devoted to Fashion and Beauty

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OUR COLOR PLATES:

Gloria Swanson

An Interesting Portrait of the Exotic
and Popular Screen Star

Provincetown Prints

Two Characteristic Examples of Provincetown
Art: Block Prints by Bror Nordfeldt
and Maud Squires

Claire Windsor

An Attractive Study of the Motion
Picture Actress

Homer Boss

Two Examples of Mr. Boss's Art
at Its Best



Painted from a photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

Gloria Swanson



At the left is a wood block, "Baiting-Up," by Maud Squires, characteristic of the picturesque old waterfront of Provincetown



Oliver M. Sayler writes interestingly of Provincetown, Eastern port of art and letters, in this issue of SHADOWLAND. *Mr. Sayler describes it as a holiday edition of Greenwich Village. On this page are reproduced two bits of Provincetown art as interpretative of that village. At the right is a quaint block print, "The Art Student," by Bror Nordfeldt, a modernist of the Provincetown Art Association*



CLAIRE WINDSOR
Painted by Benjamin Eggleston
From a photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser





Homer Boss' work reveals an unflinching determination to get at the truth of art for himself, without regard for the fashion of the hour. He is of that company on which America must depend for the art which shall record its character. Two characteristic examples of Mr. Boss' work are reproduced on this page. Top, his canvas, "Sea and Headland." Right, "Battle With the Winds"

Homer Boss

By Walter Pach



Photo, [illegible] Nickolas Muray

"WHEN I was young," says George Moore, "I used to speak of schools of art; now I know that there are only two schools—the one of the men who have talent, and the one of the men who have no talent." It is a very good saying and may be applied with profit on many occasions. But like most utterances that have reduced their subject to its simplest terms, it leaves a good deal more to be said. Can we deny the possession of talent to the painters of the innumerable bad pictures that litter our exhibitions and museums? Certainly the men who produced these things have ability and, in the case of men like Besnard and Zorn, the ability goes to quite fantastic lengths. "But the whole thing is nothing but vulgar display, it is not talent," interposes a defender of that last word, "there is no real grasp of the great tradition of art, no feeling for the quality of line or color, no deep research into the truth about what we see." Very well; now you have defined your terms and, if talent means all that, then we can admit that it is the touchstone for separating good and bad. But the matter is more complicated than your epigram made it look, at the beginning, and in speaking of the American artist who is the subject of this study, we shall not be dealing with a vague, if portentous word; we may take the elements agreed on as composing talent, and see how they apply to his work.

The painting of Homer Boss has been shown with some regularity at the larger exhibitions in New York and other cities for fifteen years or more, and yet it is safe to say that his name is not over-familiar to even the constant visitors to our galleries, who would be surprised if told they had looked at these pictures ten, twenty or thirty times—and not seen them. But there is more to say of the artist: the last man in the world who would wish to be looked on as the founder of a school of art, and not be placed on that uncomfortable eminence by friendly or by hostile critics—he is nevertheless entitled to the credit of having conducted a sort of laboratory of art where serious students, working under his guidance, did some of the best work we have seen from the younger Americans. They are today among the most hopeful figures in our exhibitions: Carl Sprinchorn, Charles Duncan, Morris Kantor, James Butler—to name but a few of those who worked in the big studio where Mr. Boss taught, and one reason for this strength is the self-reliance that he encouraged in them. There is none of the hall mark that the school so often imprints on men who have studied together, and from this fact we may proceed to its source in the character of Mr. Boss himself, as well as to that of the men he has influenced. One sees him as a man unflinchingly determined to get at the truth of art for himself, without regard to the fashions of the hour. There, too, is a reason for the unfamiliarity of part of our public with his work. If an artist is willing to float with the stream, it will carry him along quite nicely; if he wants to strike out on a new course, to express the ideas that are his own and no other man's, he must expect that it will take a certain time for the public to follow him.

A man of few words, even when amongst people he knows well, Mr. Boss makes his statement in painting tersely and without pretension. If you have caught what he has to say, you will not readily forget it; but he will not repeat, and if you are open to the solicitations of the noisier people around about, you pass on with only a troubled memory of the words you did not quite understand. Why shouldn't he repeat, you ask. Perhaps it isn't the most gracious reply to make but he has other things to do. He is working, thinking. He knows that we are facing big problems today, he is intent on working out the part of them that fall within his strong vision—he has never been able to interest himself in compelling the public to recognize his achievement. A little more emphasis here and there, a discreet visit at one house or another, a few amiable compliments to this student or artist who has made influential connections—how easy these things are for the *comrade*, the climber, but they are an intolerable bore for the man who has real work to do, the words stick in his throat. And so there is a difference of character if not of "school," which divides artists as sharply as that matter of talent. When a man works to satisfy himself he produces things that are in a different category from

Aside from his individual work as an artist, Mr. Boss deserves the credit of having conducted a sort of laboratory of art where serious students, working under his guidance, did some of the best work we have seen from the younger Americans

(*Continued on page 70*)



LILLIAN POWELL

Who has been appearing in vaudeville in Ted Shawn's dance creation, "Julnar of the Sea"



MARY EATON

Maurice Goldberg's Study of the Ziegfeld "Follies" Dancer



Old World Studies

By

Francis Bruguiere

Left, a bit of old Munich. Who were the artists who shaped these sacred things? Their names are long forgotten. They were peasants and shepherds of the Bavarian mountains, with a talent for carving their religious fervor into wood. Herrgottschnitzer, they were called



Right, the Square St. Pierre, in Montmartre, Paris. Here is Madame Vauquer's pensionnat, the house made famous by Balzacian tradition as the place where Father Goriot lived. At least, Balzac was a frequent visitor, and it may have been here that he met the impulsive Countess Hanska, "the one woman who held his heart"

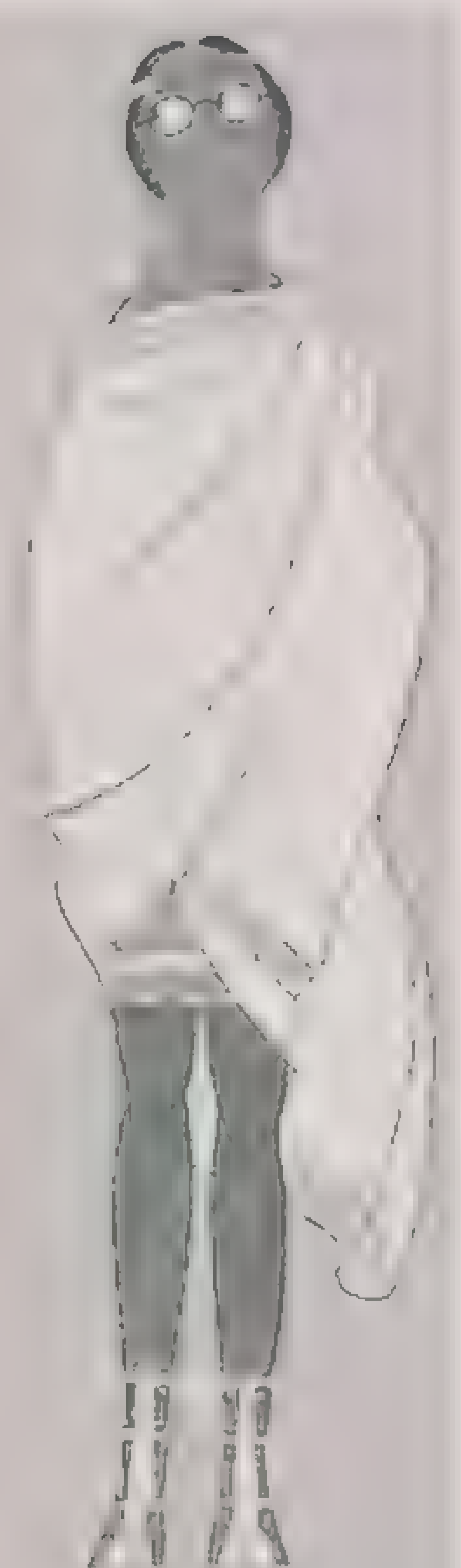


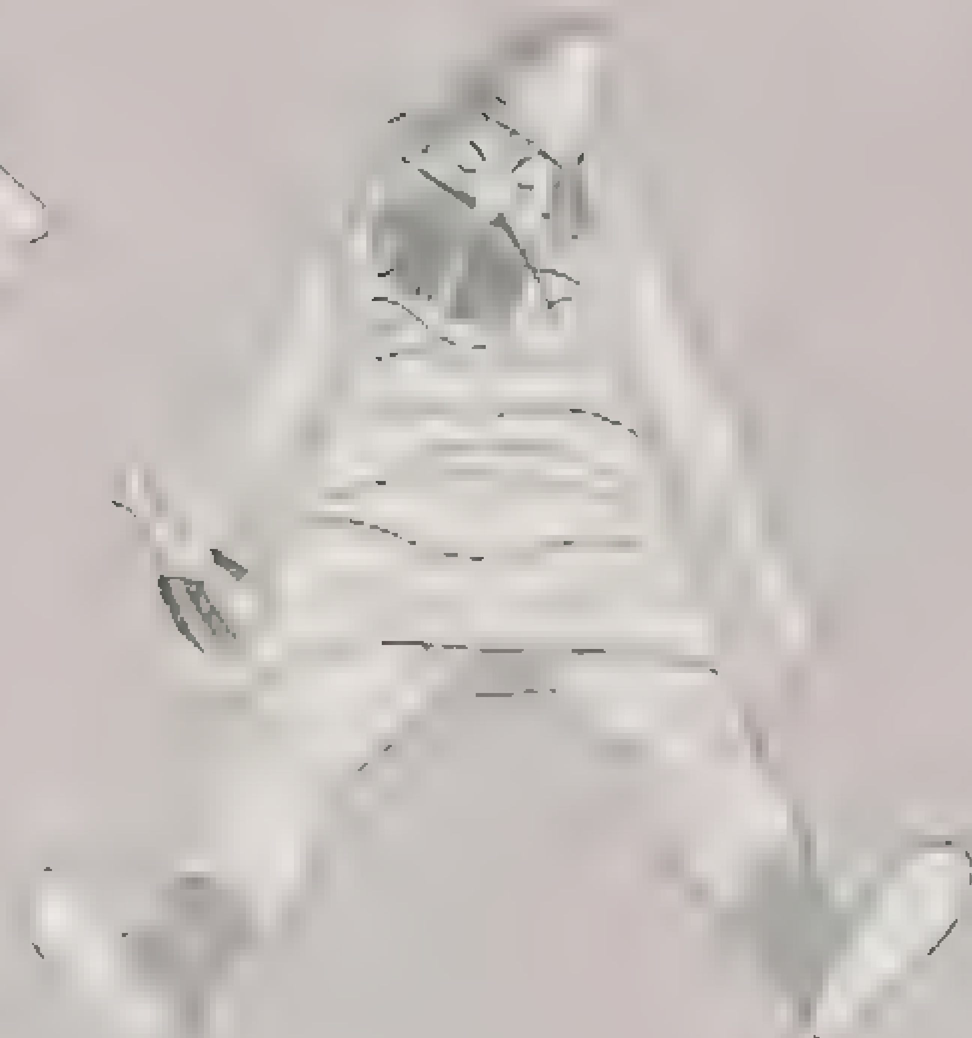
The Entrance to the Acropolis, Athens. At the right is the Temple of Nike, a masterpiece of delicate grace, something like feminine coquetry in architecture. Here once was the greatest promenade of the world, for, back in the golden days of Pericles, it was the rendezvous of such mighty men as Sophocles, Euripides, Alcibiades, Phidias and Socrates

Wynn Revels at the Arts Ball



The Foolish Virgin from Gopher Prairie is a little afraid that her costume is too daring. But then, she feels that when away from America one ought to be broad-minded—when in Paris, be a Parisite, or something. She does look a bit like a Roman candle





No, Antoinette is not dead. She has merely slightly miscalculated her powers of dance resistance. Half an hour at the rescue station and she'll come up smiling

This slumbering modern Hannibal spent many peaceful hours outside the entrance. While he didn't see the revels, he probably dreamed pleasantly of dances at Webster Hall, 'way back in 1917 B. P. Yes, Anatole, B. P. means Before Pro



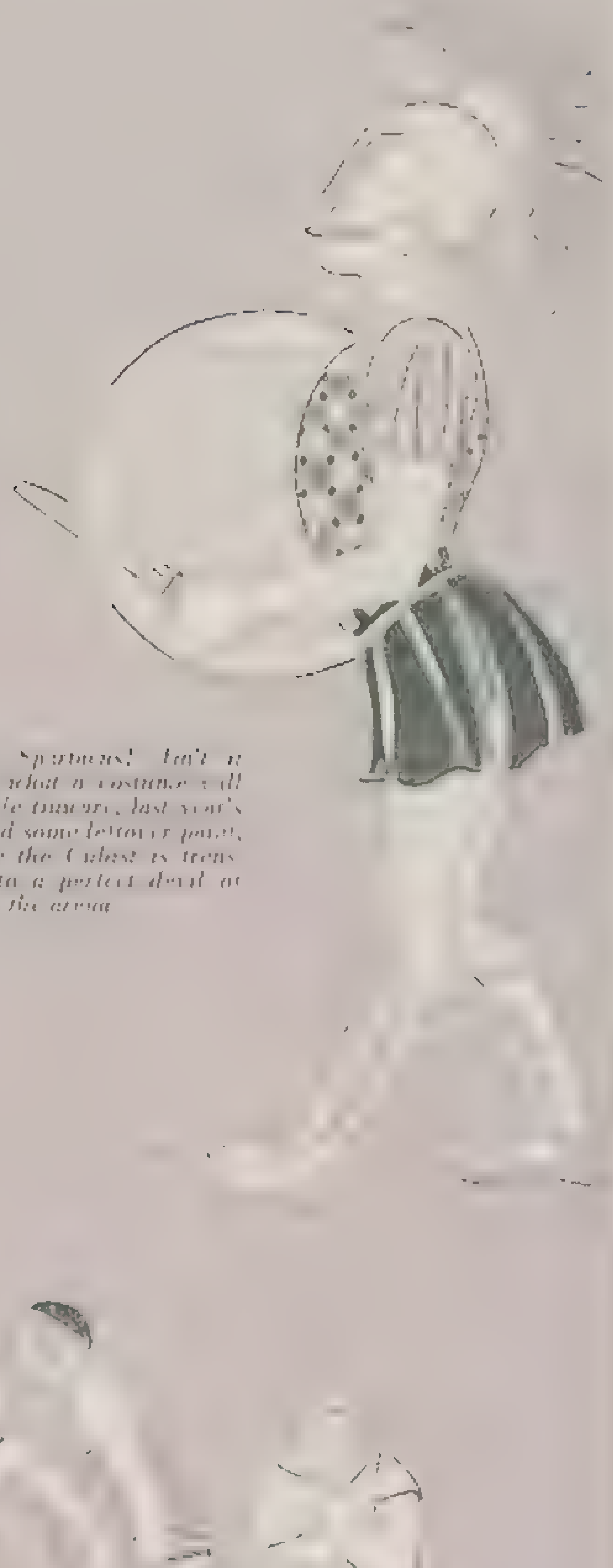
The able gendarme, Louis, cops Mr. Cyrus Flickerbottom for wearing a Louis Quinze costume when the rules prescribed Carthaginian attire. Unless you speak French as fluently as Wynn does and know how to pronounce Quinze, you miss our subtle jest



The Hon. Terence McGouch, formerly of the Tenth Ward, was one of the ten Americans who successfully crashed into the festivities. The costume committee decided that, while the cigar was a bit anachronistic, the Hon. Terence was, generally speaking, a worthy descendant of the late Mister Nero of Rome



Lady Godiva had nothing on Fleurette, the model. And Fleurette certainly had nothing on the elephant. Take your time—this is very deep



Shades of Spartacus! Isn't it wonderful what a costume will do? A little tunic, last year's sandals, and some leftover paint, and Pierre the Cubist is transformed into a perfect devil of the arena

The Bal des Quatz' Arts is the great annual art student revel in Paris. This year the costumes and pageant were based on "Salammbô," Flaubert's [illegible] history of ancient Carthage. [illegible] shows us some of the Latin Quarter Carthaginians running the gauntlet of sightseers along the boulevard leading to the ball





BARBARA DEAN

A new Portrait of the Screen Actress by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Easiest Ways

By Gladys Hall

I HAD always thought that in Frances Starr I would find the heart of the theater, so to speak. I dont know why, statistically. An instinct. Just as it seemed to me that Miss Starr is sort of an instinct with the theater. The drama is informed with Miss Starr. They go inseparable ways.

One identifies her with the Belasco productions. With successes dear to the hearts of theater lovers. Such integral parts of the drama-world as "Rose of the Rancho," "The Easiest Way," "The Case of Becky," "One," "Tiger, Tiger!" "The Easiest Way," revived.

I wondered whether she would savor of the theater.

I found that she does—spiritually, as it were. Intrinsically, of course. Mentally, too. Not physically, perhaps. As we sat and talked in her dressing-room, methought of her physically as a gently bred young woman interested in things intellectual; culturally interested in life. A delicate participant. Remote from grease-paint.



Photograph by Ira L. Hill

FRANCES STARR

She has thoughtful eyes. And the most sensitive mouth I have ever seen. She is reminiscent of the bygone generation, because of her quietude of manner, because of her reserve, because of her intimately fascinating femininity. She is a symbolization of the feminine, as we thought of it—well, long before the war.

She is frank. She told me, quite at the beginning, that she is afraid of interviewers. She says the interviewer is a subtle, dangerous species. One dares not be one's self with them. They come, she says, with manner disarming and beguiling. They induce one to reveal intimacies before one is fully aware. She quoted instances of ingenuous remarks being converted via the interviewer's memory (let us put it kindly), via the printing press into distortions. "*I* will be discreet," I said, knowing that it would not be necessary. She smiled. Did she believe me? I'll never know . . .

I said, beguilingly, after the manner of my kind, "You seem so *of* the theater to me."

She said, "That is not peculiar to me. It is a curious fact, common to all theater folk. Once they are of the stage, they are *always* of the stage. One never hears of an actor or an actress changing his, or her, profession. Never. We had an amusing instance of it in 'Rose of the Rancho.' Mr. Belasco wanted some men for extras. Among those to apply were barbers, waiters, etc. They took the extra parts—and they never went back to being barbers and waiters. They are still 'Actors.' I told Mr. Belasco he had done rather a terrible thing—robbing the world of good barbers and efficient waiters."

I said, "It's probably the lure of Unreality. We all crave that."

Miss Starr smiled. "Or it may be an easiest way," she said, "after all, one works harder as a waiter than as—an 'actor,' let us say."

"Speaking," I said, "of an easiest way, what prompted this revival and how is it taken by the audiences of today?"

"It was revived because it is so absolutely worth reviving. It is a great play because it is true, true to life, true to character, psychologically true. It is a very fine exposition of playwrighting. Naturally, it would live. I find that it is received just as it was when it was first produced. There is little or no difference in the reception. If anything, there is more enthusiasm now, more appreciation. True things find their level at all times."

"Are you in sympathy with the girl in 'The Easiest Way'?"

"I would have to be in sympathy with her," Miss Starr said, "or I couldn't portray her."

"Do you mean that you have to be in sympathy with all of the characters you play?"

"I have to feel a sympathy *for* them—of course. I have to know *why* they do what they do. I have to understand them. I do not necessarily have to approve of them, or like them. In 'The Easiest Way,' the girl is very weak, very pitiable to me. Given a chance . . . but she isn't, not really. Environment is all against her. The men she met, all wrong . . . She needed strength and she didn't find it. She didn't possess it herself."

"People," I said, "seldom do understand each other."

Miss Starr said, "We come into life alone. We go out alone. In the interim, we live it alone. It's a lonely journey, more or less."

(*Continued on page 77*)



THE SIREN OF "THE SHEIK"

The popular E. M. Hull novel has just been filmed with Agnes Ayres as the heroine beloved by Sahara adventurers



BLANCHE ORTESON

Nickolas Muray's portrait of the Young Dancer who is now appearing in the Fokine Ballet at the Hippodrome



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz

The Captivating Claire

Photograph by Ira L. Hill



Last season Ina Claire was the chief Broadway gold digger of the Belasco production, "The Gold Diggers." This year she is a Parisian gold digger in the adapted French farce, "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife." The piece has a certain piquant raciness and the daring of its boudoir scene seems likely to hold it on Broadway for a while



Photograph by the Standiford Studio, Louisville, Ky.

BETH BERI

An interesting Study of the Vaudeville Favorite



One of the interesting interludes of the new "Greenwich Village Follies" is Oliver Herford's satire, "Blue Law's Ninth Wife." Betty Linn, pictured above, plays one of Blue Law's wives, "Playing Cards"

Three Greenwich Village Follies

Special Photographs
for SHADOWLAND
by Abbe





One of the picturesque personalities of the "Follies" is Corone Paynter, who is both vivid and personable. She appears in the photograph above. At the left is Polly Platt, as she appears in the Beardsley episode



BESSIE LOVE

Another camera Study of the young Screen Star
by Edwin Bower Hesser



KAY LAUREL

A new study of the Broadway favorite by the Pach Brothers



FOKINA

The well-known dancer and wife of Michel Fokine. Fokina and Fokine are now appearing in the Hippodrome revue, "Get Together"

Squaring "The Circle"





Photographs by White Studios

The most interesting drama of the season is W. Somerset Maugham's "The Circle," a sprightly study of manners and matrimony. It not only marks the return of Mrs. Leslie Carter to our stage, but it also has John Drew in a delightful character study of a crusty old waster. Estelle Winwood, too, gives a delightful portrayal of a young woman who finds real love after marriage becomes a barrier to romance. Top, the bridge episode, with Mr. Drew, Ernest Lawford and Mrs. Carter. Left, Miss Winwood and John Halliday



MARILYN MILLER

A new portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

HELEN MacKELLAR

One of our theater's most interesting younger actresses, who is appearing this year in Fannie Hurst's play, "Back Pay"



Photograph by Ira Hill Studio

ALMA RUBENS

The beautiful cinema star, whose most recent silverscreen vehicle is "Find the Woman"

The Iridescent Irene

By Benjamin de Casseres



Photograph by Abbe

IRENE FRANKLIN

I'LL lay a wager of a Scotch-laden *Mauretania* to a thimbleful of Choker-Chola that when Irene Franklin was born there was a buzz-saw, an electric fan, a thousand horse-power dynamo and a block of radium working overtime in the room.

Wow! I interviewed the dynamic, electric, never-sleeping, charming, creative, brilliant, nimble, effervescent, elastic, humorous, unmuzzled and logocratic Irene, doing a shimmy on her heels from stage to smoking-room, to dressing-room, to auditorium, to manager's office – finally getting her last words while standing on the running board of her high-power machine as it shot away from the Greenwich Village Theater toward Mount Vernon, where Irene, known in private life (fancy Irene Franklin having a private life, Hedda!) as Mrs. Burton Green, lives *en famille* with hubby and two little female song-birds.

I lost my hat and cane and *aplomb* in the adventure, all of which I have charged up to Barney Gallant, *maestro de ballet* of the Greenwich Village Inn, part owner and composer of "The Beggar's Opera," the Burbank who makes two theaters grow where only one saloon grew before, investugator and historian of the Great European Beer Routes and American press agent for the Boul' Mich'.

The scene (there must be a locale in every interview) was the Greenwich Village Theater on a blistery autumn afternoon between lunch-time and the hip-pocket aperitif hour. Wading thru trunks, lingerie, Oliver Herford and a bevy of double-exposures, I floundered onto the stage as a "Follies" girl leaped over my head with one hand, as we boys used to do over fire-plugs in Philadelphia and Wilmington.

I could not see the little reddish blonde singer, Irene Franklin, who has amused millions (always say millions) of Americans with her songs and fun.

"Where is Miss Franklin?" I shouted from the stage to Oliver Herford, who sat in the auditorium superintending the enunciation and prosody of his verses that a young man was rolling off to the sweetest chicken that ever caused a riot in the barnyards around Forty-second Street.

Glacial stare from the Herfordian monocle. *A la capella* smash of notes from the piano player. Blatant crash of cymbals.

Seized by the Arrow collar by Barney (newly shaved) I was trunked to the lobby of the theater, where a quiet little woman sat on an empty box of near-beer singing a song.

It was Irene the Iridescent.

"I talk, but I am never interviewed," said the comedienne. "Did you ever hear of Lorna the Bootlegger? She's the only woman bootlegger in the country on which the moonshine never sets. I'm just back from California, which is a suburb of Hollywood, and I discovered Lorna in – no, I wont tell you the town; we women must hang together. But it was somewhere between Albuquerque and Yonkers, so you've got a long-shot guess.

"Well, I blew into that certain town one night about two weeks ago. Tired, frazzled, dry. Went to my room in the Ritz of the town – Ritz without the hotel. I was reading, by the light of a half-burner, Weininger's book on 'Sex and Character,' having exhausted all the automobile ads in *The Saturday Evening Post*, when someone came lightly tapping on the busted panel of my chamber-door. I picked up a gun and a Bible and opened.

"I was confronted by the bluest-eyed, sweetest looking young thing that I have ever seen outside of a cradle in a Chautauqua home.

"'Miss Franklin, you are an actress, and I am Lorna the Bootlegger. Here is my price-list. Delivery in half an hour,' pratted the darling.

"After recovering my *sang-froid* at such an apparition with such a name, I ordered a Hollywood Shandygaff (if you dont know what it is, you do not know the bright particular jewel in the head of the prohibition toad) and fell into a ten o'clock reverie on what's-the-country-coming-to. Lorna the Bootlegger, to me, was a portent.

"Thruout the country wherever I have traveled in the last two years I have noticed the terrible effects of prohibition and blue laws on the conduct of young girls. They are not immoral; they have simply become unmoral. The young woman of today has no moral sense. I am bringing up my own two daughters in fear and trembling. Will they have a moral sense? – you know that's entirely

(*Continued on page 77*)



RENITA RANDOLPH
Nickolas Muray's study of the dancer

Provincetown, Port of Art and Letters

By Oliver M. Sayler

I[illegible] Pilgrim Fathers [illegible] to their first harborage inside the tip of Cape Cod, I doubt whether they [illegible] the contrast between [illegible] the threatening monsters of the Navy's Atlantic Fleet [illegible] Pilgrim Mothers would be at the costumes and the occupations which have replaced their own [illegible] and primitive [illegible] on the sandy beaches. [illegible] spacious dramatic pageant in commemoration of their tercentenary this last summer [illegible] them, as some have insisted it would, I am sure that they would look with similar scorn and disapproval upon most of Provincetown's present [illegible] and professions.

For Provincetown, [illegible] is not only the haven of [illegible] — it is also a thriving port of art and letters. From [illegible] before the [illegible] began [illegible] across the bay from Boston, [illegible] bring [illegible] around the Cape, the outposts of [illegible] the town's [illegible] New England village shakes it [illegible] awake for [illegible] canvases and typewriters. [illegible] streets and quiet [illegible]

In a way, Provincetown is the [illegible] of [illegible] Village, Manhattan. [illegible] as they say, the Village is [illegible] It has its acquired human atmosphere, as liberal and naïve and [illegible] and a little freer from pose, but it has a natural physical [illegible] Washington Square. There [illegible] for the faithful annual pilgrimage, many reasons. And among them are its deliberateness and seclusion from the [illegible] of old hulls [illegible] for repairs and the endless [illegible]



PROVINCETOWN
An original woodblock by William Zorach

(Continued on page [illegible])



RUDOLPH VALENTINO

A new Study of the Highly Promising Young Cinema Actor by Maurice Goldberg

D. H. Lawrence: Laureate of Love

By Frank Harris



LOLA FISHER
Star of "Honors Are Even"



LAURETTE TAYLOR

Last seen on Broadway in her beloved characterization of "Peg O' My Heart"

Photograph by Ray Huff, Chicago

The Swedish Ballet

By Pitts Sanborn

MUCH has come out of Russia, besides [illegible] [illegible] plays, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]



MARGARETA JOHANSON
One of the Principals of the Swedish Ballet

[illegible] which in its essentials was new, something which resembled Wagner's dream of the welding of all the arts [illegible]—with, [illegible] the opera [illegible]. The great Russian Ballet, whose gospel Serge de Diaghileff spread over Europe and America, was no longer [illegible] excuse to [illegible] the traditions of "ballet dancing"; it was no longer [illegible] in the opera when the men got out their glasses and twenty or thirty grinning young women gyrated on their toes for several agonizing minutes and then made way for the *premiere danseuse étoile*. Here the story and [illegible] of the ballet were so contrived that the dancing was an integral part of them, as it had previously been in the case of two or three exceptional operas—notably "Armide" and "Parsifal." The dancers were not only expert in the traditional art of "classical dancing," but accomplished pantomimists as well. It would be hard to say whether the incomparable Nijinsky was greater as a dancer in the [illegible] sense, as a visual interpreter of music, or as a tragedian.

The scenery of these ballets was designed by the foremost [illegible] of Russia, and the lighting and the stage [illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible] of [illegible] in the modern art of stage production. Michel Fokine [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the whole [illegible] of the [illegible] Ballet a sense of [illegible]

[illegible] Jenny Lind [illegible] [illegible] really [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] but in this ballet troupe is as [illegible] of what [illegible] or after, why, we have been living in [illegible] ignorance [illegible] what has been or what is still to be. To Paris and to London the Swedish dancers have come and conquered. Their victory was inevitable, for they brought with them three essentials—[illegible], youth, and enthusiasm. Their descent is easily traceable. The company itself, so far as I can gather, has made no attempt either to affirm or deny the sources of its origin, but certain "[illegible]" have taken pains to announce that the Swedish Ballet has come to prove its worth without any previously created atmosphere of snobbery or [illegible]. There is no reason why the child should deny its parent. The Swedish Ballet is [illegible] of the stock of the Russian dancers. [illegible] also no reason why the parent would deny the child; the child is already too much a success, both in [illegible] and [illegible].

The repertoire [illegible] the Swedes, under the general direction of Rolf de Maré, [illegible] [illegible] Nijinsky [illegible] to say Jean Borlin, have [illegible] [illegible] in Paris [illegible] of the following pieces: "[illegible]," "[illegible]," "The [illegible] Box," "The [illegible]," "[illegible]," "St. John's [illegible]

[illegible]



RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Whose lectures have just been causing a sensation in war-wearied Berlin

Photograph by Edward R. Dickson

A High Northern Renaissance

By Edgar Holger Cahill



LOUISE GROODY
The Musical Comedy Favorite



Photograph by [illegible]

MADGE KENNEDY

Is now devoting her talents to the crook melodrama, "Cornered," altho the season will also see her return to the screen

Robinson: The Divided Mystic

By Babette Deutsch

[illegible]



DORIS KENYON
Now dividing her time between the speaking stage and the cinema

A Literary Volstead Act

How a Prohibition Amendment Might Be Applied to Literature

By Ernest Boyd

EVEN before the advent of Comstock and his [illegible], long, long before ever the [illegible] of this Republic grappled with Sin, the sages had discovered that man is a wicked and perverse creature and that unrighteousness is largely the salt of his life. Wine, Woman and Song have been the lure which has drawn mankind along in that pretty business of civilization whose culmination is the Ford and the [illegible] tooth brush within the reach of Main Street. [illegible] may cry out from their towers of virtue against the old Adam in us, but the very scriptural ancestry of our backward-looking instincts serves, in some sort, to reconcile us to the inevitable. We know that vice, as defined by the moralists, is largely synonymous with the joy of life, not only as we understand it, but as the human race has understood it from the beginning of time.

It was doubtless the same Devil who whispered to such good effect in Eve's ear, who enabled man to stumble upon the vine. Satan can hardly have restricted his suggestions to one fruit among so many, tho it is significant that the apple [illegible] in a most un-Christianlike spirit, in [illegible] in defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment. Thus, should a generation arise, after aeons of alcoholic innocence, this country will still be in danger lest history repeat itself by a rediscovery of the soothing properties of fermented juice. Indeed, the provision that [illegible] beverages may be manufactured and sold for medicinal purposes is an indication of [illegible]. It is a confession that humanity is not so dry as it is painted. It is a confession of the belief that what is natural cannot be eradicated, but it can be controlled. The doctrine is capable of extension to other parts of that famous Satanic trinity, Wine, Woman and Song, in which are embodied the fundamental [illegible] of the [illegible] and the [illegible].

[illegible] the [illegible] world has been made safe for democracy. Everywhere, so far as [illegible] goes, has there been an [illegible] effort to control the [illegible]. While Booze, whose [illegible], pornography is either ignored or suppressed. The result is unsatisfactory, even to the moralists, but they have failed to understand why. Indecency is as essential a part of our human nature as the attraction of sex and the desire for intoxicants. It is so deep a need of humanity that [illegible] whose civilization [illegible] have left us classics of erotica more venerable than the Pompeian inscriptions, and as eloquent as the Greek and Latin classics in their testimony to man's delight in the indecent. Our more hypocritical age pretends that only small boys, confronted with a blank wall suitable for inscriptions, now indulge in the practices of their remote ancestors. This is to ignore, of course, the erotic work which almost every great artist has produced, and to shut one's eyes to the [illegible] attention of many of the finest writers in all literature. Everybody knows that a smoking-room story is [illegible] better than [illegible] drawing-room [illegible], and that the [illegible] throughout the English-speaking countries is one of the [illegible] of [illegible] Anglo-Saxon [illegible] general and [illegible] instinct which has been starved, or imperfectly fed.

Nowadays the so-called pornographer is [illegible] the trade of the gutter. In [illegible] Europe [illegible] are [illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] playing [illegible] of Turkish massacres [illegible] the indecent are compelled to [illegible]



[illegible]

EDWIN MARKHAM

A New Photograph of the Poet



"The Merry Widow" Returns



Henry W. Savage has revived that phenomenally popular operetta of Franz Lehar's, "The Merry Widow." Remember the success of Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson in the original cast some fifteen years ago? Indeed, theatergoers still vividly remember the delightful and dashing Prince Danilo of Mr. Brian's

Mr. Savage's revival of "The Merry Widow" has Reginald Pasch and Lydia Lipkowska as Prince Danilo and Sonia, but the famous waltz has been subordinated. At the upper right is Jefferson de Angelis in the comic rôle of the embassy messenger, Nish. Below, a glimpse of the girls from Maxim's





MARGIT LEERAAS

Premiere Danseuse with the Bolm Ballet Intime
Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

Adolescence

A Don Juan Episode

By

Harry Kemp

Illustrated by Oscar Frederick Howard



S[illegible]

[illegible] ; [illegible] the soul [illegible]
[illegible] High Walls of Heaven
Which must be [illegible], love and
 [illegible]
[illegible] How easily the net
Will fall about [illegible] . . . !
I am the [illegible] angel, [illegible].
My star [illegible] Heaven,
But here upon the earth it will not set
[illegible] men and women cease being men and women.
[illegible] the beginning of the world
My [illegible] who can stand against me?
How all men [illegible] the women! [illegible]
[illegible] call them "sirens" and "nets" to trap the soul,
[illegible] against the whiteness of their bodies,
[illegible] . . . ah, [illegible] is their
 want

[illegible]
And [illegible] little girl
 called Eve,
All [illegible]
 [illegible]
And [illegible] having eaten
[illegible]
With [illegible]
[illegible]



There lies his Art of Love
Sprawled on the floor, just where he stopped the text

[illegible]

He [illegible] the face of [illegible] . . . a dead [illegible] I knew [illegible]





"Helen don't leave me yet; the moon still shines—
Wait till the dawn and take me with you then.
Without you, the dull earth were dull indeed"

[illegible]

Well, I'm a living woman, and not [illegible]

JUAN (*kissing her*)

Yes, you're a living woman, and not dead.
Thank God for that [illegible]

(*Continued on page 75*)



REST

Camera Study by [illegible]

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

II. The Commonplace Tale with a Thousand Endings

By Theodore Dreiser

[*This is the second of Theodore Dreiser's articles on the Western capital of motion pictures. Mr. Dreiser is now living in Los Angeles, and his conclusions are presented as the result of his personal investigations.*]

I HAVE in mind a certain director, one of the staff of directors of one of the larger studios, who is, to say the least, a rather ridiculous illustration of what I mean. At one time he was a butcher's helper and made a humble wage at cutting steaks and chops. At present he is a fairly capable "shooter" of five reelers and is not at all disliked by those who employ him. Yet mentally he is not much above a certain type of director in filmdom, which is not saying very much, you may be sure. Also a bachelor *via* the divorce court, he has his "home," his butler, his car, his this, his that, with a little home-brew thrown in, for good measure. About the studios and among the flappers he poses as being a—well, a member of a certain rather popular faith. Among directors and film-workers generally, those who know of him at all, he is known as a "chaser" of sorts, one of those who are more than inclined to annoy the novices of beauty who chance to come in contact with him on his sets. Well, there you have the stage set, as it were.

Now we will say it is nine o'clock of a certain Los Angeles morning, and Cerise, aged nineteen or thereabouts and but newly engaged to play the part of a charming niece in a comedy which our director is about to direct, has come upon the set for the first time and is looking joyfully and gratefully about. She is pink and vigorous, with golden or black hair, as you will, and eyes with that haunting freshness that is among the requisites of beauty in youth. Also there is a smile that is truly winsome, because devoid of make believe and because it is suggestive of pleased wonder.

At sight of Cerise, who has been "handed him" by the casting director, and who, as he latterly phrases it, has proved to be a "pippin for once," he is all eyes, and yet distant. For so difficult has "the game" become of late, so watchful the money-power, so tricky and ungrateful the various vamps and succubi of the profession who, to say the truth, have not used him any too well, that at last he is developing a little caution. Yet so great is the lure of youth in this instance, as in that of so many others, that he can scarcely keep his mind on his work. He begins, forthwith, to talk more loudly, to give more directions than are absolutely necessary, to direct "with a vengeance," as some unhappy thespian of his set now makes bold to comment to another, "and all on account of that young skirt over there." 'Tis the way of a portion of the directors of moviedom, at least.

And within the hour of her arrival, if you will believe it, and after the direction of many, many pictures, he is her slave, yet still at a respectful distance. The sight of the "heavy" of this set sitting down beside her and beginning an enticing conversation is sufficient to cause him to all but suffocate with envy, fear and rage. "What! That waster! Is he about to attempt an additional conquest here?" Forthwith he proceeds to give said actor instructions in regard to something in order to divert his mind or his mood or both. "Just stay over here near me, Williams. I want you to see what is going on here so you can get into the spirit of this thing for once." Note the "for once." A little later it may be an extra who has intruded upon the newcomer with kind words and a smile. At once he is aflame with secret rage and envy. "Off the set! Off the set! That means you, Fisher. I don't want any but principals and the members of the cast around here now." Exit the abashed and angry Fisher, silent because he needs, very much, to court the favor of all in these trying days. By nightfall, after sidling near at many points of the day and work with pleasant if inane references to the character of the work in hand, his plans for it, the impossibility, almost, of finding ideal types for the several roles, he is ready for his coup or play. "But you certainly have beauty. Just the person I have been looking for. If I had known of you when I was casting my last picture, I certainly could have made a place for you."

Now Cerise, like so many others of her years and sex, is all aflame with what it means to be a star or within the ranks of those who may reasonably aspire to stellar honors. Fortunately or unfortunately, as you will, she has a mother who, to further her picture ambitions, has left her native state with her and journeyed to far Los Angeles in order to open a millinery establishment or to herself work in a store. The apartment, that between them they can afford, is the humblest. In addition, it is with the greatest difficulty and care that Cerise has achieved the few attractive garments which she now possesses and by the aid of which she hopes to forward herself as much as possible. More would be welcome, of course. Hence the thrill at the thought of making so marked an impression and of being made to feel that additional work may be in store for her here. At the end of the day, then, when Sir Director lingers and offers the service of his car, she is appropriately elated, of course. He is taken with her as a screen possibility. He will be glad to forward her career because of her innate fitness for the work.

Now the conclusion of this particular incident may be as your fancy dictates. But depend upon it, however you, personally, may decide to end it, it will have had at some time or other, a counterpart in real life. It depends on the temperament and hence the practical judgment, or lack of it, of the one thus enthusiastically approached or often her mother or friends, or the character of her bad friend in some other way. By far the largest number of those who decide to test this world are sophisticated beyond their years, whatever their years may be. They are, in the main, practical to this extent, that they are here to realize on their ability and charm as swiftly as possible. Ushered into the very much benickeled car of a personage in this realm and offered a dinner or at least a little chocolate *en route* and told very plainly and earnestly as to what the prospects of advancement are—well—the matter would certainly be taken into consideration and thought upon at length, if not decided upon immediately. Such a seemingly real impression is not made every day. If the situation of the aspirant is very complicated and her need for aid pressing—well. Yet, as a rule, they know enough that no situation is likely to be marred by a little waiting. Also, that one should look most carefully over the cliff before they leap. Beyond this, and a little time taken, the thing may end most any way. And does. It might well be called "The Commonplace Tale with a Thousand Endings."

Yet in this case, as in all others of the same type, unless

(*Continued on page 61*)



Photograph by Sherril Schell

GEORGE GREY BARNARD'S CLOISTERS

Mr. Barnard, the sculptor, is reconstructing a medieval cloister about his studio on Fort Washington Avenue, New York. The governments of France, Italy and Spain have given generously of their old Gothic columns and statuary to make the cloister an architectural gem. Mr. Barnard plans to be buried in the cloister

The Burmese Theater

By Vincent Anderson



PoSein, the leader of the Burmese theater, a remarkable dancer, an actor-manager and dramatizer of over five hundred and fifty different plays, and the head of a company which includes over two hundred principals

THE Burmese theater is the most highly developed and the most thoroly civilized theater of the world. For in no other theater is there provision made whereby—should one grow tired of the play, the players, or the playing—one may go to sleep.

One makes one's own provision. One brings one's bed. It is only a blanket or two and a woven bamboo mat, so it weighs nothing; you spread it out, and there you are!

That is another point in favor of the Burmese theater. You spread out your bed in the open air. There is no close building to confine you, the darkness is the darkness of the night, the ventilation is perfect, and the mass psychology is completely eliminated. Everyone is a separate independent individual; one is not hypnotized by any emotion of a mass, not tricked into feeling a situation dramatic because others feel it so, not swayed into a decision because one is unduly subjective and crowded.

This makes it much better for the actors, too, because they play to each individual as an individual and not as an audience. This makes the performance much more personal. To be stagy and clever in Burma is to fail; to be natural and spontaneously humorous—or genuinely serious—is to succeed. If the actor isn't one of these latter, his audience tells the person next to him when to wake him up—and rolls over and goes to sleep!

You hear a great blare of music! Colorful crowds are moving somewhere, so you follow!



Left, a Burmese performance in progress. Note the simplicity of stage setting. The performances take place in the open air

Gaiety! Laughter. Whispered love-sentences. The rustle of silk, always the rustle of silk. Then you come to an open place. You slowly work your way thru some thousands of people who graciously part to let you pass, in a country where all is graciousness. Then the bright glare of arc lights! A well-constructed stage is before



you. A girl of superb poise, rich dress, and exquisite beauty is singing, her lithe body bending to the emotions of her words. The crowd is not asleep. That is the Burmese theater.

The stage is of bamboo. Usually there is no scenery. For it is all too real for scenery. And the dramas are about real persons. And, more than often, the love songs come from the heart.

Two typical entertainers of the Burmese theater, where performances often run the whole night thru, often terminating at six or seven o'clock in the morning. The performances are of wide variety. Often the company only numbers four principals

Behind the girl is the orchestra. The orchestra can be before the stage. Usually it is on the stage. Curling teak dragons support the instruments. The drummer sits within an elaborately carved, circular teak enclosure. The flute player's legs are crossed—and his soul is in his mouth!

But, you remember, you walked right into the theater! There was no entrance, no tickets. Admission charges? Absurd! The performance is for joy and for love, not for money! Tickets—in a country where the rich give at least half of their income away, where the poor supply the *joie de vivre*, and the wealthy, the food. No one goes hungry in Burma—and no one goes unhappy.

Then the slow rising notes of the opening number begin, for you came to the theater (the *pwé* as it is called) early, and the first was just vaudeville. The music is high and light—because the blue of the sky is unusually light, and the sun is light and the colors—the notes go slowly higher and higher, and then come quickly down like a waterfall finished up with the drums at the end. The music is as primitive and as civilized as syncopation is; it is all syncopated. But it is not regular, there are nuances that the Occident has yet to learn.

Someone donates a rupee to the girl who is playing. That is the way the company is paid, by gifts. The more pleasure supplied, the more rupees. In finishing, she gives a little speech in thanks for the gift. She wishes the giver's soul into all sorts of heavens of happiness. A ten-rupee note arrives from somewhere else in the audience. There is a twinkle in the girl's eye. "Ten rupees," she says, "may the giver have ten more children, girls, and all like me, within a year!"

And so you sit, entranced, the whole night thru, until the performance breaks up at six or seven o'clock the next morning. For if the serious-minded little Burmese kiddies of two, three and four years who are there with their parents can enjoy it, so can you. Perhaps you fall asleep, and then get up and go out to patronize one of the hundred little food shops that never fail to follow in the wake of the theater. Perhaps you even chew some betel nut. But you always return. It grips you, the Burmese theater. You get drunk with the music, drunk with the faces, drunk with the joy!

And, besides, the best part of the drama doesn't come on until after one.

The great clappers begin to work—long bamboos

(Continued on page 60)



The Psychology of Ennui

By Benjamin de Casseres

THERE are two kinds of thinkers: those who explain the universe and those who explain it away. The first are optimists, idealists, balm-venders. The second are truthseekers, realists, satirists. In the first class are Plato, Leibnitz, and Bergson. In the second class are Aristotle, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Jules de Gaultier, and Emile Tardieu.

The first class being sentimentalists cannot properly be called thinkers. They are schoolmasters, moralists, traditionalists, image-makers, emotional dandies. They are the well-rewarded accomplices of the Lie-Visible. They smooth the human cat the right way. They are ticket-sellers to a pre-established and Edenic Beyond. They explain God, man and immortality with the surety that even a banker would not dare to put into practical affairs, for the rate of exchange of next week is still an open question. However, Optimo is elect from all time, for is it not written in the book of history, "Illusion alone shall make you free, and all who make for themselves an idol shall be saved?"

The other group—properly called thinkers because they analyze, destroy, negative and satirize go to another sort of Valhalla. As they do not smooth or tickle, or live on the minted fat of human credulity, they stand outside the sacred portals of the House of Smug. They have told the truth—*écrasez l'infame!* So they build their own Valhalla, ruled by a triumvirate—Aristophanes, Desiderius Erasmus and Arthur Schopenhauer.

In 1903 Emile Tardieu published in Paris a book called "L'Ennui," which is a cosmology. No book like it has ever been written. It is the only book ever written that is definitive on its subject. Schopenhauer, it is true, had insisted on boredom—or ennui—as the *leit-motif* of all existence. But it remained for Tardieu to crystallize the thought, apply it in detail, and to make of Ennui a supreme generalization.

Every movement made by a sentient being is a substitute for suicide. Rest of any kind is inconceivable because rest and nothing are identical. How not to rest is the end and aim of all things, organic and inorganic. Planets, constellations, light, men, flies, atoms, time, memory, plants, races, tomorrow, today, yesterday, aeon-cycles, raindrops, thoughts, dreams, gods quick and gods dead, are running away, thru an eternal duration, from the specter Ennui, god of all gods, shadow of all shadows, goblin of all goblins. The static, the changeless, the hell of monotony, is the Immanent Fear that sets everything in motion and keeps everything in motion.

The reign of the Same is the Vision Malefic. Any absurdity, any insanity, any inanity but not Ennui! Famines, pestilences, wars, earthquakes, planetary cataclysms—the human race can get used to them. Life can adapt itself to anything except Do-Nothing.

Pain is a balm for boredom. War is a salutary measure against the Lethes of peace—peace so dangerously near death! Men will die at the poles of the world and thinkers will go stark mad at the poles of metaphysical speculation rather than face Ennui.

Ennui is the mother of necessity. Ennui is Necessity. Arts, inventions, laws, sports, adventures, spring from Ennui. The great temple of Karnak, the Sphinx, the Pyramids, the Pantheon, the Kremlin, and the temple to Aphrodite at Paphos, were built to escape the heavy-lidded Yawner that stands an invisible Pres-

(*Continued on page 62*)



"SIX-CYLINDER LOVE"
Ernest Truex and June Walker in a scene of the successful comedy



My Lady Fashion

CHANGES in fashions come almost imperceptibly, and casual eyes have noted few changes. Nothing radical has happened to our silhouette. It remains practically unchanged, the same supple length of line, and tendency toward the soft vague outline is retained.

Nothing cataclysmic to our skirts and waistlines. Perhaps as definite a statement as can be made concerning the length of skirts for daytime wear is that the average length will be about ten inches from the ground — which will be only moderately longer. The long waist is emphasized perhaps a bit more than last season. The bodice is slim and tube-like.

It is a season, however, when the mode is given decided distinction by the introduction of charming and imaginative detail. The particular way in which a sleeve is finished, a girdle caught, or a neckline ornamented, determines the entire character of the costume.

One way the designers have of introducing the unusual and new in the silhouette is by making sleeves as interesting and full of character

Worth embroidered cloak of black velvet with beaded design in peacock colorings. Posed by Eleanor Woodruff, of "Honors Are Even," for Bonwit Teller & Co.

Photograph by [illegible], N. Y.

By The Rambler

and charm as possible. The quaintness and individuality that can be achieved by a pair of clever sleeves is surprising.

For daytime wear, both long and short sleeves appear. Long loose sleeves are decidedly Chinese in feeling, some are made with the wide, straight flaring cuff of the mandarin coat. Others are rather close fitting above the elbow, and then given a circular flaring ruffle below the elbow—a ruffle that extends to the wrist. Sleeves that are slashed or that have hints of floating drapery are astonishingly lovely this season.

Coats have wide, loose sleeves, luxuriously fur trimmed, so that they may serve as a muff when the hands are put together.





Both photographs by G. Tornella.

Top, coat of fine Eastern mink. Fashioned by Otto Kahn. Slippers of Alexandre broadtail. Worn by Clare Herenden, of "The Last Waltz." *Left*, coat of Alexandre broadtail and dyed squirrel. Fashioned by Otto Kahn. Slippers of Alexandre broadtail. Worn by Clare Herenden, of "The Last Waltz"

Many coat sleeves are wide and drooping at the armhole. Evening coats have sleeves that appear to be cut straight out of the side of a coat like those of a Japanese kimono.

The girdle as it is worn this season offers a graceful means of introducing ornament. Worn low over the hips or posed at the hip line, it emphasizes the long, slim line of the straight silhouette. Tassels and ornaments on girdles are in Chinese colorings and forms. Other girdles are of metal or jet. Lovely garlands of natural-colored flowers are worn with simple evening gowns to give them color.

What seems to be the single exception to the straight silhouette is the type of evening gown of the bouffant or extreme period influence. A series of these lovely and interesting frocks were included in a showing of Paris models in one of the smart shops recently, and were the most picturesque of the many smart fashions seen there.

These frocks with their close or semi-fitted corsage and widely distended skirts billowing out from the hips were of gorgeous materials—those brocaded fabrics which

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New Art of Glass and Cement

From Berlin come these interesting examples of the work of Rudolf Belling, a young sculptor attracting wide attention in Germany. The study, "The Fountain," at the right is built of colored cement and decorated with mosaic. The disc is of thick colored glass





Mr. Belling's work at the left is another fanciful expressionistic fountain. This is made of colored mosaic and glass

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 57)

are referred to as being "able to stand alone" and billowy flounces of chiffon, exquisite taffetas and lame tissues.

Others were of exquisite silks with colorful names, as well as of brocaded velvets which re-created in the bouffant modes a bit of the old-world beauty and charm of costumes worn during the Louis XV period.

Evening gowns that were not of the bouffant "period" mode were most enthusiastic over irregular hem-lines. The foundation frocks were slim and sheath like, and inclined to mold the figure. The waistline was low and either defined by a soft ornamental girdle over the hips, or was indicated by shirring over each, or one hip, so that crosswise folds gave the gown long fulness at the waist.

Irregularity was introduced in the hem-lines by all sorts of graceful means. Panels hung straight from a low, ornamental girdle twisted easily about the hips, or made charming by embroidery; draped panels that fell in points from each side or shoulder high, trailing in soft lovely lines from shoulder to hem.

Velvet is used enormously this season for every sort of costume; it is embodied in the luxurious three piece suits so popular right now—heavily furred and embroidered. It is used for simple afternoon gowns, combined with Georgette crepe in contrasting colors, and used for important evening gowns. Draped black velvet and velvet in the gorgeous violine colors, lends itself exquisitely to evening gowns.

While black refuses to be downed for street, house and evening, mauve and deep purple are pervasive as well as this somber hue. We saw, for example, an evening gown of great charm and simplicity in pale bluish-mauve jersey Georgette, and there is every indication that it will be greatly in demand by conservatively smart women.

Those pinkish mauve to purple tints and shades which suggest the fuchsia are overwhelmingly in evidence, and are often seen in combination rather than with a contrasting color. Mauve and purple handled with artful discretion are used for street costumes as well as for house and evening.

After a reign of dazzling flame, vibrant green and gorgeous orange, these gentler mauves and fawns and rich reds seem a trifle pensive one thinks. True it is that romance rather than gaiety is the suggestion of the late autumn and winter hues—but surely all the world loves romance.

Camel's hair is an important fabric this season. Of it we saw a circular sport cape, plaided in tan and brown, with a high beaver collar and long brown ribbon streamers with tassels of beaver balls. With it was a very full tam-o'-shanter of matching plaid topped by a beaver ball. Plaid is the motif of practically every winter sport's accessory. There are irresistibly gay little scarfs of handspun and handwoven wool and with them matching tam-o'-shanters. The real sportswoman wears this year short castor gloves of grey, or capeskin gauntlets of dark brown, while her feet are shod in brown calfskin strapped pumps tied high and close about the ankle.

The coats of winter are enveloping, to the point of concealing every trace of the frocks worn beneath them; and have broad, pointed or flowing fur-bordered sleeves, high fur collars and often additional bandings of fur about the border. Capes are less concealing for they are sometimes cut after the suggestion of a shawl, or perhaps nearly circular, while they rarely reach the rim of the skirt.

Close boleros of mole or seal are to be seen; also long coats of American broadtail fitting closely to the waistline and there sweeping into a flaring skirt. These are cuffed with matching or contrasting fox.

A semi-fitting full length coat of caracul or broadtail is another much liked wrap. It is collared, cuffed, and bordered about the bottom with some long haired fur, as fox or lynx. And, if it is not already fur-trimmed, it claims a fur piece and muff as adjuncts. These furs are of long haired pelts, the neck-piece being extremely wide and thick and muffling the muff of medium size.

Truly dramatic in their beauty are the evening wraps and much of their charm is due, undoubtedly, to the flowing sleeves and super-sleeves and to the floating panels that adorn them. We saw a ravishing cloak of silver brocaded in huge roses and lined throughout with royal blue velvet. Its semi-detached back panels showed a glimmer of silvery chiffon and its broad sleeves were furred about their borders with grey fur. A high collar of grey fox muffled the throat.

The slipper that goes to the ball, like the one that stays at home, this season, wears a heel of contrasting color. Slim sandals of black satin with cross strapping over the instep and with green heels to match a green gown are worn with plain black silk stockings. The idea is equally charming if the heels are scarlet to match a scarlet gown.

Many of the evening stockings displayed in the shops fairly shimmer with tinsel-thread embroidery. Stockings of silver grey are affected by many fastidious women and are a mass of lacy openwork from toe half-way to the knee.

Veils assert their claims more insistently than ever. They may be of enormous all-over design, crisply circled and depending from the back of an upturned hat, or they may be of octagonal mesh with deep embroidered border.

With tailored suits and frocks, veils are worn closely drawn about hat brim and face. Fine prefers, and the mesh used is the one which the wearer finds most becoming.

For evening a modish woman wears twenty button glace gloves of palest amber or possibly of palest grey, or with a white gown glace gloves of white. These are attractively stitched on the back and they clasp instead of button.

BAD NEWS

By Betty Earle

Love looks up and cannot cry;
  Hope must stifle back a sigh;
Remorse hangs down her fated head;
  Faith goes quietly to bed.

LIKE A ROPE LADDER

By Charles Divine

Like a rope ladder, the stars
Hang from the casement of Heaven
Down to the silvered earth
For the moon's descending feet,
Stealing from the House of Night
To her lover on the lawn.

Like a rope ladder, the stars
Wait for me to leap on their rungs,
Climbing madly, hand over hand,
Scaling the blue wall to my love,
Now a thong breaks
And I slip on a falling star.

TAHITI

By Babette Deutsch

To shining beaches, bright but not too loud,
  We would go down,
  Where colors crowd,
And in wind-shadowed seas all cities drown:

Where jade and coral sleep with lazuli,
  And all that stirs
  Invisibly
Is a blown breath of mingled musks and myrrhs,

Where copper bodied natives, strange and strong,
  Haul gleaming nets,
  With some low song
The brain remembers though the brain forgets;

Where like the cradling surf your arms would move,
  And I would know
  Your mouth above
As sea-tide ebbs to meet the moon-tide's flow.

The Burmese Theater

(Continued from page 54)

slit down the center and slapped together like crocodile's mouth, as a kind of hand drum. You sit up. The main entertainment is beginning.

The climax of the show usually is more in the spirit that is worked up than in the drama itself! For the actors keep getting more and more gay, the crowd more and more appreciative. So, by the time the main clowns, the main singers, the best dancers, come on, the very air is tingling with expectancy. No wonder no one wants to leave! The climax is in the air!

Maybe the performance is of one kind, maybe of another. It may be a small show of but four principals, two men and two women, and an orchestra. It may be double that. It may be a combination of three or four companies. It may be pure vaudeville. It may be humorous and tragic. It may be recitative in music subject and purely artistic in dancing. Or it may be a definite drama such as Po-Sein's. Or it may be all of these!

There are no restrictions. It depends on the particular company or girls the donor of the theater may happen to like. For if you want to entertain in honor of your friends, if you want to give a reception, or if you simply feel happy and want to make others so, you become the donor of a *pwé*. You put up the stage; the citizens hear the music and attend.

The Burmese women! It is safe to state that no white man who has visited Burma has ever failed to fall in love with at least one of them. Immaculately neat in dress, with an innate color sense for delicate combinations, their black glossy hair oiled and trimly turbaned on the top of their heads, their golden-brown faces smiling, always smiling, their eyes wholesome and sparkling!

Here is no Persian seclusion, no Mohammedan *purdah*, no Hindu *zenana*. Here is a woman who has more liberty and independence than any other woman in the world; a woman who can have a divorce—or a marriage—for the asking; a woman virtually without an economic problem. No wonder she cannot keep from getting married before eighteen or twenty!

Now Ma Sein Tin is on the stage! As an artist she is superb. Because she is not trying to be an artist. She is simply expressing herself. If she didn't enjoy it as much as the audience, she wouldn't be there. If you said "creative expression" to her, she would look at you blankly and think you a fool. Life is too real for her to intellectualize it.

Yet what dancing! What movement! Her expression does not consist in racing from one side of the stage to the other. Her skirt is pinned or sewed tightly around her legs. Not even her ankles are seen. And yet never was there such a display of form in motion! No two gestures are alike. If someone asked her to do a particular dance over again, she probably couldn't. It is all spontaneous. It is self expression of the moment.

True, the grace that is there is the result of years of training. But the rhythms are all her own. They are her soul in form. They are Ma Sein giving a series of some thousands of pictures of herself to the audience.

The music may follow her and express her sentiments. Or it may be a particular song, in which case she expresses with her body the emotions of the thought. It is strenuous work and only a healthy body could keep it up, for the dance may last for five or even ten minutes and continue at lightning speed. But never once are the bounds of grace overstepped, never once is she awkward or undramatic. She is too thoroly herself for mistakes. Never once is there a lapse in time or rhythm or a break in the flow of the imagery. It is dazzling. At no two moments does she ever express the same movements.

It is said that the great PoSein can vary his dance type every three minutes for an hour a night and never dance the same step twice for three years.

This is almost unbelievable. And yet, when one sees the flash of the poses like a cinema, one does not doubt. The positions vary so rapidly that to an undiscerning eye they seem to be changing very little. A blind man might call it dull. The Burmans do not!

Ma Sein's mother sits on the stage. In the biggest performances she doesn't, but in the smaller ones there she is, smoking a big cheroot, a flower in her hair, nursing her baby, and utterly oblivious to the whole show. Her daughter is an individual with a free will, the mother merely being present to guide her as a friend. Girls do not leave home in Burma—there is no need for it!

The clowns have the same spontaneity as the dancers. They do not rehearse their parts. They have no parts. They must be so funny and so agile of mind that they can make people laugh on the moment. They must be naturally humorous. And some clowns can keep an audience roaring for fifteen minutes steadily. Their art consists in having no art. Few clowns in this world are like them.

It is all very wonderful. Perhaps at the smaller *pwés* a little tot of four will suddenly get interested, in the middle of the night, in something the clowns are saying. Up he will climb on to the stage, open-eyed, to sit at the feet of the player the better to hear! Perhaps the story includes a representation or burlesque of an Englishman. If so, the impersonator will haul out a pair of old English trousers and a stray shirt and dress in full view of the audience, while another actor or actress is carrying on the story. Why not? It is utterly simple. The audience doesn't notice him. They are too interested in what is going on, their minds are making the scenery, creating the action the actor represents, enacting the adventure. When the Englishman comes, well, it will be time for the Englishman. The Burmese theater may well be what the Occidental theater is working towards.

Another girl is on the stage more elaborately costumed than Ma Sein was! She is lying down, her chin resting on one elbow—and jumping rope! Somehow her body springs off the floor tho she is using neither her feet nor her arms!

Or she is up. And her eyebrow is quivering up and down, like a leaf in a gale! It is a play of a flirtation, maybe. Or she puts her arm out and the muscle moves around the arm. If she knew what it was, she could "shimmy" with any part of her body. For she has been training for years before she ever stepped on the stage.

It is the most rigorous training one could imagine. The arm at the elbow must be developed so that it can bend backwards. Every muscle in the trunk must become unbelievably supple. All her joints must work every way. The test—one of the tests—of a good dancer is whether or not she is able to bend her fingers backwards towards the top of her hand into a curve. It is very strange to see a dancer throw out one hand in a pose and to see the fingers of that hand curved gracefully back like a drooping flower as if they were going to grasp the wrist. There are no such dancers anywhere as the Burmans, who include Russian agility in their legs, Grecian grace in torsos, the charm of the Indian *nautch-walas* in the arm movements, the Egyptian angular statics, and the "life" of a ragtime artist in their actions.

But the Burman theater is by no means all dancing. It includes a mass of very serious dramas. And one cannot talk about the drama without mentioning Po-Sein.

PoSein is probably the most remarkable dancer in the world, if any one particular artist can come under such a classification. But he is more than that. He is actor-manager, and the stimulating power behind every good company in the whole of Burma! He is the dramatizer of over five hundred and fifty different plays. And he is head of a company which includes over two hundred principals and which plays to audiences of from four thousand to ten thousand every night for ten months in the year!

PoSein has been decorated by viceroys and counselors—and by the King of

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Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

(Continued from page 51)

the situation is handled by the aspirant with the utmost tact, the director failing will see to it that no more favors of any kind are extended her by him. He may even become very disagreeable in connection with the work in hand, so much so that she might well find it impossible to complete the work then and there doing. The theory is that if he is not good enough for her, and she thinks so very well of herself, let her get someone else to do favors for her. Depend upon it, he will not. And more than one director has had to be released from one and another studio before he would cease his annoying tactics. Not all beginners will endure such assaults without complaint. Yet in the main they do. And it is thus that one opportunity after another, with one director after another, has been lost, and advancement all but closed because the aspirant chanced to be of exceptional charm and was desirous of making her way without compromise except where her affections were honestly engaged.

Indeed, the more one wanders about and wins to wisdom in this matter of picture production, the more one comes to note the shabby and pinchbeck point of view that holds, not only in most of the counting offices of all these great concerns where the petty and often pretty beginner is concerned, but also in the minds of directors, casting-directors, assistant-directors, camera-men, the heavies and even leads of the male persuasion who have anything to do with or can by an hook or crook, contrive any possible claim upon the time or attention or services of those of the feminine persuasion the younger and prettier and less experienced, of course who are seeking to make an ill-paid way in this, in the main, gruelling realm. The shabby and even shameful impositions! The sharp exactions in the matter of time and money! (Hours, for instance, that stretch from eight to six and even longer, on the set and in costume, for a wage which, when measured by the number of employed days one will come by in the course of a year, is ridiculously and even pitifully inadequate.)

The general assumption on the part of many directors, assistant directors, camera-men, casting-directors and even stage carpenters and electricians that, somehow, because these hundreds and even thousands of girls are compelled to or, at any rate, are desirous of making their living or their way in this field, and have all too little, financially, wherewith to do that, therefore they are, and of right ought to be, the sexual prey of these men. Also that any opposition on their part to being so used or pursued can only be based upon a disagreeable and even reprehensible vanity—or "better than thou" spirit, which should never, for a moment even, be tolerated by one in so lofty a position as any of the above. The often undesired and in many cases resented overtures and insults which, nevertheless, because of the nature of the work and the driving character of the ambition of those insulted, may never be properly rebuked! And, where one such chances to be unusually winsome and earnest, and eager to make progress without compromise, the rebuffs, impositions and preventing or delaying oppositions, even tho all the necessary talent for the situation may be properly presented, may endure for a period of years, in some instances quite until hope is exhausted.

In writing this I have in mind not one but something like twenty-five aspirants of exceptional beauty and ability and admitted screen charm who, nevertheless, and because of a lack of means combined with an unfortunate determination to fight their way upwards without compromise on the emotional side are still, after several years of unremitted struggle or intelligent application, as you will, about where they began at first. And that in the face of others of no more ability who have risen much more rapidly. It is true that during that time, and by reason of some little money with which they came, plus the employment they have had, they have managed to live and take their part in the movie social world about them. Also that they have acquired much of the necessary screen technique which, coupled at this time with an opportunity of some kind, might easily lead to recognition of a very grateful character. They are among those who, whenever some exceptional minor part that takes ability but not much time is to be "cast," are sent for. And in such things they appear quite regularly. Their faces, for brief intervals, are to be seen in many pictures. But will they succeed eventually? That certainly depends to a degree upon the presence of others of equal attractions who are not so frugal with their favors. During the time they have been upon the scene not one of them but has had, over and over, advances made to them by one and another of force and distinction in the realm in which they seek to shine. But in each and every case, for reasons best known to themselves, these opportunities have been allowed to slip by. Speaking of one of them, a scenarist of no little popularity once observed to me: "For the life of me I cant see why Mary hangs on out here. She has ability—tons of it. And if she were only backed by someone she would make a strike, all right. A few of the right sort of posters, a good vehicle, and a press-agent, and she would get over with a bang. But here she is, drifting along, and here she will be five years from now, trailing others who haven't a fourth of her genuine charm, unless she quits. What's the answer? She isn't coarse-fibred enough, that's all. She cant bring herself to do the things that most of them do. If she would . . . ." He said no more than the truth.

But that is not the sum of the story by any means.

The Promise Fulfilled

There is one happy girl in the world today. There may be many such, but this one is happy, with that ecstasy that is born of a dream come true. Her name is Clara Bow, and she lives at 857 73rd St., Brooklyn, New York. She is happy because she is the winner of the 1921 Fame and Fortune Contest, triumphing over literally thousands of contestants.

Little Miss Bow, entered the contest late, appeared in person one day, at the office of the contest manager and even he, who spends his days looking at pretty pictures of pretty girls, was arrested by the quaint charm of her. The judges saw it too, even from the somewhat indifferent photographs she left. She was sent for and tested immediately. She has had five tests made to date, and the rapidity of her improvement is scarcely credible. Her last test was highly difficult and she acquitted herself astonishingly well.

Miss Bow is little and blonde, with delicate features, but saved from the insipidity usual with that type by expressive brown eyes that look out on the world thoughtful, challenging, confident. She is just five feet four inches in height, and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She is slender and young, with a prettily formed little figure and small hands. She is sixteen years old.

She is ambitious and determined, and considerably above average intelligence, altogether a credit to the judges who selected her.

At the time of going to press, SHADOWLAND has no good photograph of Miss Bow available, but next month we will publish a full page picture of her.

The final honor roll of the 1921 contest is composed of those girls that were considered as possible winners. In each instance, they lacked something that Miss Bow had. Competition between them was keen and good natured. They were all given several tests, and these same tests were gone over and over again by the conscientious judges.

There is one man on the final honor roll and one little girl, Helene Bristow.

The final honor roll is as follows:

Clara Bow, 857 73rd St., Brooklyn, New York.

Eileen Eliott, 1707 Rainer Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Laura Lyle, 50 West 47th St., New York City.

Ella Lee Jeannette Ruby, 848 North Church Street, Rockford, Ill.

Margaret Porter, 1078 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Helene Bristow, 105 Thomas Street, Newark, N. J.

Bojan Claussen, 120 West 87th Street, New York City.

Maurice Kaines, 11 Abingdon Square, New York City.

Virginia Eastman, 104 West 70th St., Hotel Walton, New York City.

Lula M. Hubbard, 223 4th Street, San Antonio, Texas.

The Psychology of Ennui

(Continued from page 55)

ence behind the revolving panorama of the phenomenal world.

Death is a life-belt thrown to us to escape boredom, and extinction is welcomed with hosannahs when it lifts the stone from the tomb wherein we lie buried alive—the tomb of the reiterant Same.

The eternal lassitude of things! Is it not the burden of all religions, of all bibles, of all great books?

Buddha founded the greatest religion of the Orient on fatigue. In Nirvana are salvation and redemption from life; the Wheel, repetition, monotony of rebirth.

Christ preached to the weary and heavy-laden, to the tired, the fatigued, to those stunned and numbed by the ghastly toil of day-in-and-day-out, and to those others, like the Magi, whose instinct for the Infinite had crucified them on the Calvaries of Apprehension and whose days passed this side of matter are tortured nightmares of monotonous futilities.

What are the "glad tidings" of the Gospels viewed psychologically but the glad tidings of other, newer, more tremendous sensations in another dimension, a marvelous promise of a release from the boredom of the exhausted and tasteless, three-dimensional adventure of the race?

The greatest book in Christendom next to the New Testament is Thomas à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ"—the passionate, poetical work of one who had met Ennui on the road to his Damascus. And as he flew from the Specter a wild lament came from him. Had it not also burst from the Preacher, and would not that same wild lamentation later ascend in jeweled cries from the hearts of Byron, Shelley, Alfred de Vigny and Giacomo Leopardi? As we flee we sing, and the "music of the spheres" is a battle song.

Sensation is the background of all life. Life without sensation is inconceivable. It is the metaphysical groundwork of Emile Tardieu's great study. All the other formulas of the great European thinkers are solved and blended in that word Sensation. The "Will-to-Power," the "Will-to-Live," the "Will-to-Illusion," the "Will-to-Vengeance," the "Will-to-Other-Worldliness," the "Will-to-Believe," are sprung from the "Will-to-Sensation." It is the physical "Thing-in-Itself."

Ennui is vacuity. Ennui is that monstrous thing—an interregnum in time, a gap in Space, a fissure in the sense of personal continuity, an airless hole in the stream of sensational consciousness. To still persist consciously while the dynamo of the will has broken down—that is the one formidable hell that the imagination cannot face.

Sensation at any price! screams the human machine. Chloral, cocaine, whiskey, hashish, harlotry—but not the dread Colossus of Unmapped Vacuities!

But it comes again and again into the soul, tiptoe, as still as the first thought of murder, and in the stupendous vortices of its silence we see our sensations swirling and decomposing.

For a few, this is itself a master-sensation, this confrontation of Ennui; but for the mass it is oblivion.

When genius faces Ennui, a supreme manœuvre begins. A sublime, fantastic comedy is begun. It is one Infinite looking into the face of another Infinite. It is Pierrot face to face with Medusa.

Pierrot ransacks the psychological wardrobe for wigs and cloaks. He laughs, he thunders, he spits, he sneers, he struts. All is permissible to escape the Monster, so he plays all parts. Life is a farce; only one thing is needful—sensation.

"Come to our carnival!" cry Heine, Jules Laforgue, Aristophanes, Alfred de Musset, Byron. To the rack with the serious! *Vive le farceur!* On the head of Ennui cap and bells and Til Eulenspiegel is made pope of philosophy.

What is the "sublimest" pastime of man? Killing flies, maybe. Did not Spinoza pass his leisure by watching one spider murder another?

Tricks, badgering, mystifications, somersaults. The Ideal-Ironic riding a winged cow in calico azures; Mumbo-Jumbo poised with one foot on the skull of Kant and the other on the skull of Plato; the founder of a well-known but superannuated religion playing croquet with Sancho Panza; Cleopatra chasing Spinoza, who wears an ass's head *à la* Bottom, thru Whitechapel; Tolstoi drinking great bumpers of beer with the shade of Buddha, Pegasus browsing on the whiskers of Ibsen, Hegel resetting the bones of a cosmic Corpse, over which Dante whistles the latest ragtime from Purgatory; Caliban riding in an automobile with St. Francis of Assisi as the chauffeur; Mephistopheles feeding bonbons to St. Theresa, while Don Juan and Thomas à Kempis play golf just over the hill—that is a sketch of the Comedy of Time that I have invented for the use of Genius when the master of world, Ennui, confronts it.

There is nothing that is not interchangeable. The "order of the world" is a myth. All "values" are illusions. In eternal time all is laughable. In the infinite there is no good, no evil.

From the dome of the super-apperceptive mind all is topsy-turvy. Everything can be rearranged *ad infinitum.* There are as many combinations of "historical events" as there are atoms. Nothing is solid, nothing is permanent, nothing really exists, as everything is fleeting, ephemeral, fugacious.

Would you escape Ennui? Panoply yourself in irony and make of Time and all its works a charade. Be Iago, Hamlet, Falstaff, Cordelia, Lear, Tartuffe, Don Quixote and Touchstone at once. All life aspires to laughter. Out of all these characters, which are not fictitious, but which are real living embryons within each of us, there will come a composite character.

It is Pierrot-Isis. Ennui lies dead before the Vision that Laughs, before the Clown Who Knows.

AFTERMATH

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

Strange flames are leaping in the wind,
  Purple and green and white;
We are the blind that lead the blind,
  And stumble in our night.

The fires lick our garments' hem
  And eat our hearts away,
And all the night we follow them
  And slumber all the day.

Put out the flame, the evil flame,
  That will consume the town
Nay, lest the grey ghost of our shame
  Smother our old renown.

Kindle the flame upon the pyre.
  Let the new rites begin!
We that are children of the fire
  Must steel our souls therein

YLANG-YLANG

By Bryant Coleman

Soft and white
As the petals of white opium poppies
Are thy breasts
I am drowsy with their fragrance
I am drowsy . . . . .

OH, BEAUTIES OF THE WORLD

By Gladys Hall

Oh, beauties of the world—oh, lovely things,
  Colors of sea and sky and scents of flowers
Gold agony of lightning—silver tears
  And passionate hours.

Oh, beauties of the world—I love you so!
  Promises hinted at and unfulfilled
The subtle East—the aromatic West
  The senses thrilled.

Oh, beauties of the world, when I am dead,
  May some of this loved beauty spring from me—
A frail reed blown upon by some stray Pan—or in
  One heart—a memory—

ON MEETING A STREET

By Mary Carolyn Davies

Little road, who used to know my feet,
  Have you quite forgotten, after all?
Little road, with lazy, dusty, sweet
  Tufted stalks of goldenrod in fall?
Spring—wild roses faint and pink and frail!
What a chum you were, gay little trail!

Now you've grown important, who were small;
  Now you know the city, who were sweet
Once you wanted much—you have it all.
  Road, you've grown up now, and are a street!

But you're sorry dreams come *quite* so true?
I've grown up, road, and—I'm sorry, too.

Robinson: The Divided Mystic

(Continued from page 43)

skittish, reluctant mysticism. There is involvement, and illumination—obscurity and gold—reticence, and echoes.

Robinson never indulged in youth's preoccupation with death and love. He early became aware of what there is to be afraid of in life. His own youth was not easy. If the wolf at the door was rather plump, still he was hungry enough to keep the boy from finishing his career at Harvard. He could write of hard things with intimacy. Yet he ever seemed aloof—as one who scans the stars must be to those who do not reckon with earth's astral kinships. Little is known of the poet's life, beyond the sudden light flashed upon his eremitic remoteness with the interest of Theodore Roosevelt. The attraction of opposites must account for the liking these two had for each other: on the one hand, the vivid, intensely active, cheerfully public hunter after big game, political plums and makers of great wealth; on the other, the distant, silent, somewhat morose thinker and poet. At all events, it was by Roosevelt's appointment that Robinson became an official in the New York Customs House, and in 1910 Robinson's third book, "The Town Down the River," not only included two profoundly reverent tributes to the Colonel, but was also dedicated to him.

Between this book, frankly commemorative of the places and people that figured in the poet's boyhood home, and his first volume, there had appeared one of the least interesting of his collections. Its worth is largely dulled by the meandering and repetitious title poem: "Captain Craig." But it is rescued by the warmly envisioned picture of Isaac and Archibald, the two old men, whose stories and games and apple trees cast so rare a glow over a dimming past.

"The Town Down the River" is a distinct achievement over the earlier volumes. The work is more clipped, more modeled, and withal more generous. The imagery has a warmth that one was wont to miss. There is more of human sympathy and pity here, tho the scrutiny of motives and acts is no less keen. It is a more fitting prelude than either of the other books to the one that was to surpass them all and to be placed, in the final reckoning, as high if not higher than any.

"The Man Against The Sky" is a book whose title-poem stands above much of its author's work and above most of the poetry of our time. Its images are like mirrors within lighted mirrors. Here, more certainly than elsewhere, one is aware of Robinson's questioning, yet affirmative philosophy. His appreciation of human futility is helped by all the Greek gifts of modern science. He is alive to the vanity of hope and of despair. Yet, seeing every tragic possibility that may confront his "Man Against the Sky," the poet confirms anew his own faith in "an orient word that will not be erased." The poem is too long to quote in its entirety, and too intricate to bear the singling out of significant passages. One may only quote the final passage, whose dark query implies the wisdom that is commonly attributed to silence:

What have we seen beyond our sunset fires
That lights again the way by which we came?
Why pay we such a price, and one we give
So clamoringly, for each racked empty day
That leads one more last human hope away,
As quiet fiends would lead past our crazed eyes
Our children to an unseen sacrifice?
If after all that we have lived and thought,
All comes to Nought,—
If there be nothing after Now,
And we be nothing anyhow,
And we know that,—why live?
'Twere sure but weaklings' vain distress
To suffer dungeons where so many doors
Will open on the cold eternal shores
That look sheer down
To the dark, tideless floods of Nothingness
Where all who know may drown.

The book is memorable for more than this poem. It is a sounder piece of work, taken as a whole, than anything that preceded it, and in some respects than anything that has followed. It includes such pieces as "The Gift of God," with its ironic apotheosis of a mother's "proud humility." It includes "The Poor Relation and Bewick Finzer," "Bokardo" and "The Man Flammonde." Here, too, is "Hillcrest" and "Eros Turannos":

Meanwhile we do no harm; for they
That with a god have striven,
Not hearing much of what we say,
Take what the god has given;
Tho like waves breaking it may be,
Or like a changed, familiar tree,
Or like a stairway to the sea
Where down the blind are driven.

Here, finally, is "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford," perhaps the only one of Robinson's poems in which we are unaware of him. All one sees here is the poet of Stratford, first as his friend Ben knows him and then as the man from his native town found him; and one has Ben, too, almost as certainly as "this mad, careful, proud, indifferent Shakespeare." The very breath of the tavern, the creak of the Globe boards is in this poem. There is the rustle of London lords and the cries of the orange-boys. There is the remembrance of Avon and the whisper of city gossip. And every sound carries the overtone of its unmitigable echo in Will's restless brain. Robinson has never done anything that approaches it in kind and few things that touch it in excellence.

The sense of drama that shows so insistently in his sketches of thwarted and twisted lives, must needs find some more valid expression, and the poet has two plays that bear witness to this interest. They are both full of metaphysical and psychological speculation and, to the reader, are more engaging in their aspect as conversation than as conflict. The feeling for dramatic values, which is not always saved from theatricalness, is brought out again strongly in the more recent work, "Merlin" and "Lancelot," in whose rich romantic remoteness the poet lost himself during the period of deepest stress in our time, are both long narrative pieces in which the characters have a flesh and blood reality with which the modern prose plays failed to endow them. This, in spite of the fact that both poems have a significance deeper than their surface interest. They have, too, a curious relation to the tumult that was shaking a world in which their ancient tragedy had no part. Thus Guinevere:

Nor do I wholly find an answer now
In any shine or any tone of Light
You may have seen. Knowing the world, you know
How surely and how indifferently that Light
Shall burn when many a war that is to be,
To which this war were no more than a smear
Of circumstance.

Robinson's two latest books do not build upon the others. "The Three Taverns," with the exception of a few poems, is less concise, less penetrating, less evocative than the other groups of shorter poems, and none of the dramatic dialogs and monologs have the immediacy of Ben Jonson, Merlin and Lancelot. "Avon": a fascinating study of the fear that is born of hate and is sealed in cruel death, is more valuable as a contribution to psychology than to poetry. There is no vision here, no faith in light beyond the stars. Only the clear perception, the calm synthesis that belongs to the novel rather than to the art that gets at the eternal strength of things. It is, however, in "The Three Taverns" that Robinson hides the poem which is the earnest of his permanent gift: "The Dark Hills." Succinct and vast, tragic and beautiful, it has that "transcendent music" which is memorable and unforgettable. It asserts no credo, it poses no conflict. But in these eight lines the poet has done work as fine as that of the finer weavers of ancient Egypt, as strong and fearless as the mind of man in which he puts his trust.

THE DARK HILLS

Dark hills at evening in the West,
Where sunset hovers like a sound
Of golden horns that sang to rest
Old bones of warriors under ground,
Far now from all the bannered ways
Where flash the legions of the sun,
You fade—as if the last of days
Were fading, and all wars were done.

Robinson, in the end, is like his own man against the sky, as, in the face of helpless despair and as helpless doubt, "dark, marvelous, and inscrutable," he moves on.

Provincetown, Port of Art and Letters

(Continued from page 35)

completed in 1910 in imitation of the Torre del Mangia in Sienna, Italy, with scant heed for its incongruity in stern New England. As the vessel skirts the curving shore of the Cape, tho, and rounds Long Point Light into the harbor, the prospect of the town, spread out three or four miles along the shore with its unbroken row of gables peering from among willows and silver poplars, is honest promise of characteristic native nooks and vistas. The traveler by rail, on the other hand, is confronted first by the drear grave-stones of the sun-baked cemetery and the dingy disfigurements of railroad yards and station, and it takes two or three days to shake off their impressions and get into the spirit of the place.

Provincetown has its Main Street, dubbed with New England downrightness Commercial, tho it tapers off at both of its curving ends into permanent homes and summer cottages and studios in modest keeping with the unpretentious demands of fishermen and artists. Unpaved Commercial Street, with its narrow sidewalk on one side and none on the other, its small shops jutting into it independently in uneven line and its pedestrians dodging busses and motors, is reminiscent of nothing so much as the naive and casual waterfronts of Yokohama and other Oriental ports, despite the unmistakably Yankee presence of blueberries and "tonics" and mackerel and cod in the markets. Back of it are a few other streets and lanes and then the dunes, great barren shifting hills and hollows of tawny sand stretching across to the open ocean and nurturing little else but wire grass and scrubby pines and oaks, stunted and gnarled by relentless winter winds.

Just who discovered the possibilities of Provincetown as a port of art and letters is not on record. The Provincetown Players first gave it widespread popular advertisement by retaining their original name after transforming their summer diversions into winter responsibilities in Gotham. But the place was already the cherished retreat of painters and poets and playwrights long before it fell heir to this adventitious publicity, for the Provincetown Players, as a group, "just growed" out of a community of artists and writers already working there as individuals. A few of that group of writers who founded "the playwrights' theater" are still extant in and near the village, altho, as a group, it ceased its mid-summer producing activity in its original haunts when it transferred its headquarters to New York City. Among the practicing authors in the village itself are Lucian Cary and Maud Radford Warren, while Mary Heaton Vorse retains her cottage there. Eugene G. O'Neill is an hour's walk across the dunes thru ankle-deep sand in the renovated Coast Guard Station at Peaked Hill Bar on the open ocean. George Cram Cook and Susan Glaspell are in a sheltered valley at Truro, nine miles down the railroad. Frank Shay, the effervescent publisher and bookseller of Christopher Street in Greenwich Village, has just bought a property in Truro. In fact, Truro is in a way of becoming the literary colony of the Cape, leaving Provincetown by ways to their brushes and easels undisturbed.

Of all the literary or artistic pilgrimages, the one to O'Neill's is the most picturesque—and the most formidable. The sensible way to make it is to remove your shoes and hoof it barefoot. If only snow shoes could be used on sand! Once out on the open ocean, tho, O'Neill has a snug and comfortable retreat where he can write in solitude and in close communion with the ocean he loves. It used to be the old Coast Guard Station, but when the guards built a new one half a mile up the beach and left the old one to the fate of wind and storm, young Sam Lewisohn, New York millionaire, rescued it and refitted it elaborately, only to tire of his toy in time and sell it to O'Neill.

After all, there is something about Provincetown that makes it the painter's very own more than the writer's. The varying moods of light on dune and tree and sea tempt the artist to catch and record, if possible, their fleeting and fascinating secrets. And so it is that such well-known men as Charles W. Hawthorne, E. Ambrose Webster, John Noble, George Elmer Browne, Richard E. Miller and Max Bohm, among the more conservative artists, have made the town at the tip of the Cape their home for a number of years—some of them not only during the summer but for the better part of the twelve-month. William and Lucy L'Engle, of more radical tendencies, are there from spring thaw until near Thanksgiving. And William and Marguerite Zorach, tho the best known, are not the only representatives of the cubist and ultra-modern schools.

And all of them, from the most reactionary to the most revolutionary, live and work and exhibit together with the most astonishing toleration—for artists! They have their opinions of each other and they are not afraid to express them, but instead of backbiting they have their say out face to face, shake hands and hang their contending works side by side for the public to judge between them. Of course, all that means rivalry of the healthiest sort and it extends to the schools and coteries that gather around the outstanding figures. The best proof of the good feeling that Provincetown fosters lies in its social clubs—the Beachcombers for the men and the Sail-lofters for the women—composed not only of artists but of any other summer visitors who give promise of being congenial companions. Each of them has an old wharf made over into a club-house; and the Beachcombers—for I naturally speak with explicit knowledge of them alone—set aside Saturday evenings for "feeds" prepared by a committee from their number and enlivened by impromptu and spontaneous initiations of new members, which have all the excitement of a freshman hazing bee.

On bright days or cloudy—for both have their distinctive charms—individual easels are set in the thick of traffic along Commercial Street as well as in the more secluded corners of beach and lane and dooryard. Rival classes camp on their own cherished expanses of sand to sketch in hurried strokes the likeness of one of their number or of a model picked up off the street. But when it comes to exhibition, there are few contending shows. The spirit of rivalry gives way to one of co-operation. Of course, if you know the devious paths or, in some cases, if you are invited, you may survey the artists' private collections in their studios—from the pretentious one of Webster up on the hill overlooking the harbor down to the prim and demure little box of a workshop which Blanche Lazell has fitted up on an abandoned wharf.

But the annual exhibition, as I have said, is a town meeting affair. Everyone who is anyone is there represented, no matter what his style. The block printers got under way first this last summer, for the more ambitious Provincetown Art Association had been successful enough in its seven previous years to purchase a quaint old New England dwelling as its permanent home, and the remodeling was not completed until late in July. The block printers, tho, are popular people just now; their metier of expression is in the height of favor and fashion; and so nobody resented their being earliest in the field. With a well-selected show of a hundred items, they covered the field of printing from wood and linoleum, from stone and from glass, in such a way as to prove that proficiency in these old and too-long-neglected artistic media is equal to the interest and ambition that urge it. I suppose the nature of the process tempts to the simplified masses of the cubist. At any rate, the modernists were in the ascendency at the block print show last summer, led by Edith Wilkinson, William and Marguerite Zorach, Agnes Weinrich, Blanche Lazell and Bror Nordfeldt, tho the more conservative claims were ably upheld by Tod Lindenmuth, Maud Squires and others. Whether they intend it or not, these cubists and their fellow-radicals are gradually proving by their work that their function is most legitimately concerned with revivifying applied

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A High Northern Renaissance

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into a drama powerful, simple, picturesque, and shot thru with golden threads of poetry. "Eyvind of the Hills," which was produced first in 1911 in Copenhagen, making its author famous overnight, is the story of a woman who gives up home and kindred for her outlaw lover, and flees with him to the mountains. Tormented by hunger, cold, and vindictive pursuers, and the constant society of each other, the man and woman feel their love growing chill within them. And when the woman, who has sacrificed everything for her lover, looks into his eyes and sees that they are as a stranger's, she walks out into the arctic blizzard to die. "Lognaren" (The Liar) is based on an episode from the saga of "Burnt Njal." The liar of the play, Maar, sows the seeds of hatred and revenge between Skarphedin, the type of northern pagan hero, and Hoskuld, the representative of the ethics of Christianity. Hoskuld falls before Sharphedin, and Sharphedin dies in the burning of Njal and his sons, and the little world of hatred and revenge is brought to ashes.

George Brandes finds in the work of Johann Sigurjonsson realistic portrayal of character and circumstances united to poetic vision, poetic diction, grandeur, tragic power, and lyric charm, and considers him a worthy successor of Ibsen, Bjornson and Strindberg. Two of his plays "Eyvind of the Hills" and "Hraun Farm" are accessible to American readers in the translation published by the American Scandinavian Foundation. "Eyvind" has been played in English in New York City, in Boston and Cambridge, Mass., and at the Queen's Theater in London.

Tho Sigurjónsson is undoubtedly the most important, the most interesting of these Icelandic writers to the American public at the moment, perhaps, is the playwright Gudmundur Kamban. He has written a play about New York. At twenty-four, Kamban had a play, "Hadda Padda" accepted by the Danish Royal Theater. In 1917 he came to the United States and endeavored to capture the American public as he had captured the Danish. He found it hard to master English as a literary medium, but gathered material for a play about our modern Babylon, which was quite the rage in Denmark and Norway last year. The title of the play is "Vi Mordere" (We Murderers). It is the story of a hard-working inventor, defrauded of many patents, who slaves away to send his handsome wife to Florida, where, of course, she meets a fatally attractive rich man in a flying machine. She loves her husband, and wants to be faithful, but her American fondness for luxury and display gets the better of her. The result is a series of indiscretions, which she and her mother try to cover up with lies. The husband, Ernest McIntyre, is too clever for them, however, and catches them at their little game. How arid of intrigue for the happily married women our metropolis would be if all husbands were as wily as Mr. McIntyre! In the second act, the husband, having conveniently acquired $150,000 by selling a patent, along with a knowledge of his wife's peccadillos, strikes her in the face with the money and a bouquet of lilies of the valley, and tells her to go out of his life. A refined caveman, he is somewhat careless of his money. But the wife will not stay out of his life, and in the third act he kills her with a paperweight.

The Danes have a saying to the effect that their national crime, as well as ours, is murder. In Denmark, they say, men kill for love, in the United States they kill for money. Kamban evidently believes in our national versatility, even in the gentle art of homicide. There are a number of amusing things in the play. One is the playwright's idea of American geography. His man in the flying machine flies over New York lengthwise and across, and then to Washington, D. C., and back again, all in an hour! Almost as fast a flyer as he is a lovemaker. "We Murderers" has some interesting moments, but, on the whole, Kamban has not achieved much understanding of American life and character. The play's popularity in Denmark may be due to the American craze which is reported to be the latest thing there. It might be popular on Broadway.

Kamban, who was born in Iceland in 1888, published his first book, five mystery tales written in Icelandic, in 1906. He wrote "Hadda Padda" in Icelandic also, but translated it into Danish himself. His latest plays, "Kongeglimen" and "We Murderers" and a number of short stories and poems, which he published during the past decade, were written in Danish. He seems to be as much at home in Danish as in his native Icelandic. George Brandes, the veteran Danish critic, has received him with open arms into the fold of Scandinavia's literary elect. In 1917 "Hadda Padda" was translated into English by Sadie Louise Peller, and published by A. A. Knopf, in New York.

The most prolific of Denmark's Icelandic invaders is the novelist Gunnar Gunnarsson. Still in his middle thirties, Gunnarsson has published upwards of seventeen volumes. The best known is the series "Borgslaegtens Historie" which was translated into English last year under the title of "Guest the One-Eyed." Gunnarsson was born in Iceland in 1889, and began writing very early, publishing three volumes of poems and stories, in Icelandic, in 1906. In 1907 he went to Denmark and attended the Askov High School until 1909, writing in the meantime for various Icelandic periodicals. He made his debut as a Danish writer in 1911, publishing a book of poems. Next year saw the completion of the first volume of the "Borgslaegtens Historie" series, which won Gunnarsson a prominent place in contemporary Danish letters. His later works, such as "Livets Strand" (1915), "Varg i Veum" (1916), "Edbrodre" (1918), have added greatly to his stature. "Edbrodre" was made available to the American reading public when it was published this year under the title of "Sworn Brothers." It is a story of the Viking Age in Iceland, and has something of the power, restraint, and hard brilliance of the work of that greatest of old Icelandic prose writers, Snorri Sturluson, author of the so-called younger Edda. His latest novel, "Salige er de Enfoldige" (Blessed are the Meek) is one of the most popular novels in Denmark this year, and is said to be his best. Gunnarsson is looked upon as a coming man in Denmark. He has so far lost familiarity with his native speech that his books have to be translated into Icelandic by others.

Tho Gunnarsson does not write in his native language, he has not forgotten Iceland. All that he has written is about his native island, and has strong Icelandic local color. But he is not merely a provincial writer. His work is cosmopolitan in the best sense, dealing with problems and situations which all men understand. His stories have the universality of the sagas, and something of their quality. They may seem to be about certain problems local to Iceland, but they are really about one universal problem, the harmony of the individual with himself. Harmony is Gunnarsson's great ideal, and with it he deals in most of his work. Ingolf, in "Sworn Brothers," is a man whose life is harmoniously balanced, but his sworn brother, Leif, is a fine nature out of tune with himself. It is this disharmony which leads to Leif's death. Ormarr and Orlyg in "Guest the One Eyed," Ulf Ljotsson in "Varg i Veum," and Sturla in "Livets Strand" are characters lacking harmony, and their disharmony is either resolved in harmony, or it leads to their tragic undoing. The great sagas are much concerned with this inner harmony of the individual, and so, for that matter, is the work of the great creative minds of all time. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe. Gunnarsson is heir to a great tradition.

The most lyrical of this Icelandic-Danish group was Jonas Gudlaugsson (1887-1916), who before his untimely death had won himself a warm place in

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The Swedish Ballet

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Night," "Divertissement," "The Foolish Virgins," "Iberia," "Man and His Desire," and "The Bride and Bridegroom of the Eiffel Tower." Among the names and dancers grouped around Jean Borlin one finds Carina Ari, Margareta Johanson, Torborg Stjerner, Helga Dahl, Klara Kjellblad, Irma Calson, Kaj Smith, Jolanda Figoni, Paul Eltorp, Holger Mehnen, and Axel and Paul Witzansky—names with here and there an English or an Italian ring amongst the Scandinavian majority.

Of their entire repertoire of ballets, "The Foolish Virgins" is perhaps the most characteristic. It is danced to music which is a sort of symphonic arrangement (by Kurt Atterberg) of Swedish folk tunes. The theme of the dance, expressed with the most delicious and fanciful humor, is the old, old story of the foolish virgins who decided too late that the wise ones were those who had not denied the cry of the burning heart. Lest this truth should remain in any way hidden, the naive creatures of the dance carry each her burning heart in her hand.

"St. John's Night" is also danced to characteristic Swedish music; the score in this case is the work of the prominent Swedish composer, Hugo Alfven. It is a scene of peasant festivity—a farmer, his wife, their daughter, and a young peasant are the protagonists—and the whole thing has the jocund luminousness of the long Scandinavian summer evening.

In contrast to these typically Swedish pieces, two of the most striking ballets of the repertoire are Spanish—"El Greco" and "Iberia." The former is an attempt to recreate in mimed dancing, with costumes and scenery designed from the paintings of El Greco, the peculiar atmosphere of those paintings, that indescribable atmosphere of ecstatic madness and cataleptic aspiration lighted by pallid shafts from a brooding sky. In it Jean Borlin has one of his triumphs. The music for "El Greco" is by D. E. Inghelbrecht, a young and ardent French composer, who acts as the chief conductor for the Swedish Ballet. "Iberia" consists of three *genre* pictures of the more joyous side of Spanish outdoor life, to which Steinlen has contributed delightful costumes and scenery, danced to music by Albeniz as orchestrated from the original piano pieces of the Spanish composer by Monsieur Inghelbrecht. To add to the richness of this Andalusian entertainment, Debussy's brilliant orchestral impressions of Spain, likewise entitled "Iberia," are played in connection with it—the first section after the first tableau of the ballet; the other sections after the second tableau.

Debussy is also the composer for "The Toy Box" and "Games." The former approximates most delightfully in action the Debussy score. There are childish tenderness and petulance and tragic fun, and, under all, that deep, unutterable wisdom which is the basis of a child's naiveté. The technique of the dancers is amazing in this ballet. It all seems so ridiculously easy! But so does the Debussy score, except to those who have attempted to write such music. "Games" begins as a tennis game between a young man and two young girls. Ultimately, in the summer dusk, love supplants the tennis. Nijinsky danced this work with the Diaghileff Ballet, but never in America. The music, however, was played in America as a symphonic piece by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux. With the Swedes, Borlin successfully fills Nijinsky's part.

"The Tomb of Couperin," skilfully and reverently adapted to the exquisite score of Ravel's, which is like a weaving of spun gold; "Dervishes," a swiftly passing vision of a few brief moments of the dazzling sunlight and the dark fatality of the Orient; the gracefully classic "Divertissement," danced to music by Chopin as orchestrated by E. Bigot, the second conductor for the troupe; and the fantastically humorous "Bride and Bridegroom of the Eiffel Tower," an invention of Jean Cocteau's, for which five of his friends—Germaine Tailleferre, Georges Auric, Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud, and Francis Poulenc—provided the music, add to the varied interest of the Swedish repertoire. There is also a "Mad House," which has had the honor of being hooted and hissed by audiences, but which did not figure in the program of the recent Paris engagement. But "Man and His Desire" did. And it is in some ways the most extraordinary of all the ballets and the most important contribution the Swedes have made to the art of the ballet. Paul Claudel, no less, wrote the scenario of this dance philosophy, and he has also carefully explained it in a published account of how he worked it out in the company of a Mrs. Parr (who designed the scenery) and of Darius Milhaud (who wrote the music) on a Brazilian forest hillside behind Rio de Janeiro. Here in part is his explanation:

"The protagonist is Man, recaptured by the primitive forces, whom Night and Sleep have robbed of his name and identity. He arrives led by two veiled figures exactly alike, who bewilder him by making him revolve like the child that is 'it' in the game of hide-and-seek. One is the Image, the other the Desire; one the Remembrance, the other the Illusion. They both mock him for a moment, then disappear. . . .

"Man's dream grows agitated. He is moving, he is dancing. And what he dances is the eternal dance of Nostalgia, of Desire, and of Exile; the dance of captives and of deserted lovers; the dance that thru the whole night makes the fevered and sleepless tramp back and forth from end to end of their verandas; the dance of the animals in menageries, which throw themselves and throw themselves again, and again, and still once more, against an impassable barrier of grating . . .

"The theme of obsession becomes more and more violent, frenetic, and then, in the deepest of those solemn darknesses which precede the day, one of the women comes back and walks as if fascinated around the Man. Is she dead? Is she living? The sleeper seizes a corner of her veil while she is turning and, revolving around her, rolls himself in it until he is enveloped like a chrysalis and she is almost denuded, and then, when she is bound to him by a last shred of a stuff like unto that our dreams are made of, the woman puts her hand on his face, and together they go away toward the side of the stage.

"Of the Moon and her Follower only the reflection, far down, is visible. The black Hours have finished their march; the first white Hours emerge."

The effect is unique. After a moment or so, one forgets the bizarreness of the background and the absence of dancing in any accepted sense of the term. The figure of man in the center of his cubistic world becomes the sign of all man. The agony of his struggle and the ultimate gesture of his victory or defeat reveal themselves as the symbol of every one of us in the old, eternal struggle. And thru it all, above man, march the inevitable hours and the moon in her changes, and below, mirrored in the sea, marches the reflection of the moon. The music of Darius Milhaud is harsh and elemental; shout chantings from the orchestra pit add another timbre echoing the vague chaos in which man from the beginning has fought this struggle with his victorious needs.

There is a rumor that the Swedish Ballet will visit America. Let us hope if they do that their reception will be more sympathetic than that accorded their progenitor, the Russian Ballet. But perhaps, as often before, the children will reap the profits of the parental failure. In Europe their success is already a part of artistic history. The world has turned for a while from battles; there are signs that Beauty is again come into her day. Surely one of these is the Swedish Ballet.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The photographic line was unintentionally omitted from the photograph of Siegfried Sassoon on page 45 of October SHADOWLAND. Credit belongs to Sherril Schell.



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A Literary Volstead Act

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under a cloak of chemical purity, which is also invoked in behalf of their unhampered predecessors, whose frank impropriety is Bowdlerized by the professors, or explained away in the name of art. This procedure can convince nobody except the professionals of virtue who accept the theory that Balzac's *Contes drôlatiques* and Boccaccio's *Decameron* fulfil some uplifting function. In revenge, however, they are all the more intent upon refusing even the slightest benefit of the doubt to living writers. They are intimidated by the dead classics, but are restrained by no æsthetic sense, so that the moderns are defenceless against them. Thus the art of pornography languishes; the tales and inventions which have preserved the fame of Aretino, Boccaccio, Bandello; which make the *Kama Sutra* an enchanting monument to Oriental civilization; which have diverted the leisure of geniuses as different as Aristophanes and Alfred de Musset, Shakespeare and Mirabeau, Verlaine and Richard Burton — all this has been relegated to the smoke-room. Erotica which are the work of many of the most distinguished poets and novelists of the last two centuries are unknown except to specialists.

Since pornographic art and literature are a manifestation of one of our deepest natural instincts, why should they not be recognized as such? A little candor is all that is needed to face this question, which mightily disturbs both the reformers and the intelligentsia. The former are for ever preoccupied by what they regard as the danger of immoral art and literature. The latter protest against interference with the liberty of the artist. If both would rid themselves of their respective preconceptions, the problem could be solved. The prosecutors of indecency must face the fact that most of us like it. The champions of the artist's freedom should take all mankind for their ken, and assert our right to be naughty, not for art's sake, but from no ulterior motive. The roll call of pure pornographers is as imposing and as authoritative as that of the names which are usually invoked when some contemporary is delivered by an incidental frankness into the hands of the censors. The plain people, whose souls do not respond to appeals for art, cannot fail to rally when they understand that what is at stake is the right to do somewhat well what all of them have enjoyed as amateurs, when called upon for a good story.

Lest this appeal be misunderstood, let me hasten to reassure the guardians of our national virtue. They need not fear that my proposal is to displace from the [illegible] the [illegible] publications which now adorn them, or even to make room for cheap reprints of the Marquis de Sade. They need not fear that unex-purgated translations of Martial and Petronius are to be substituted for the *Police Gazette*. I have a proposal which will at once stir the crusading spirit of the moral experts: another prohibition! Why not a constitutional amendment controlling the manufacture and sale of pornography? Like alcohol, this other evil exists. We must not trifle with it. A provision allowing one-half of one per cent. lasciviousness would permit the unhampered consumption of the pseudo-erotic, the furtively suggestive, which is considered now to be suitable for the American public. Genuine erotica, unalloyed Rabelaisianism, would then be easily procurable from duly authorized venders, on production of a doctor's prescription. It is hardly necessary to point out that a pornographic work may be required for medicinal purposes. A properly qualified medical man would prescribe the requisite dose, and after diagnosing cases calling for such treatment, he might be assisted by a doctor of letters, who would administer the pornography, just as an anæsthetist co-operates with a surgeon.

Indecent literature is just like alcohol. Its potency and effect will vary from person to person. The prolonged period of repression thru which this country has lived must have produced an alarming number of morbid cases, that should not be exposed to the risk of making beasts of themselves. Only after the most careful diagnosis would it be possible to ascertain the tiny doses of wholesome indecency which the constitution of a congenital pathological puritan could stand. Obviously, strict control, and expert advice are required in such cases. Children and susceptible young people, whose innocence is so constant a concern of censors under the present regime, would be simply and adequately protected by a literary Volstead act. Their needs, none the less real than those of their elders, would be properly filled by the appropriate prescription, for the dose suitable for a man of fifty would not be the same as that required by an adolescent girl.

In this fashion the whole question of censors and censorship might be peacefully solved to the satisfaction of all concerned, and the American people would be relieved of a problem which is assuming an increasingly alarming aspect. The harassing thought as to whether a certain work would or would not be suppressed could no longer arise, for nothing would be suppressed. Art and literature would simply enjoy, in a more organized manner, the privilege now accorded to medical works and books on psycho-analysis. When these exceed the limits regarded as fit for the general public, they are supposed to be sold only to certain qualified purchasers. Similarly, the system at present adopted in the distribution of erotica would merely become more elaborate, for the method of publishing books for private subscribers, now so widely practised, is nothing more than an embryonic effort at control. It is tacitly or avowedly accepted in the English-speaking world by the moral enthusiasts as a guarantee that the sale will be restricted to persons whose virtue can withstand the assault. But this arrangement is somewhat haphazard, and has, moreover, led to sad disappointment when volumes have been privately issued which did not contain one-thousandth of one per cent. of lascivious matter. This deception is the moral equivalent of the tragedy of that home-brew which one eagerly accepts, only to find that its alcoholic content has been omitted by the well-meaning practitioner of this now revived domestic art.

Our literary Volstead, of course, will be confronted by the pornographer who "makes his own," and the task of dealing with such an offender will be perhaps even more elusive than it is at present. Each of us has a natural fund of Rabelaisian or Gallic humor upon which to draw, whether the prohibitionists like it or not. That, in fact, is the postulate upon which this plea for control is based. Except in abnormal cases, it is unlikely that the manufacture of home-made pornography will go very far in that direction. The real pornographic home-brewer, the offender under this new act, will be the person who gets illicit pleasure out of things not contemplated by the proposed amendment. The people who saw indecency in *September Morn*, for example, are æsthetically on a par with those who make cocktails to-day of wood alcohol. Just as there is no hooch too vile for the drunkard in a dry country, there will be no book clean enough to deprive the pathological puritan of his prurient thrill, provided it be a work of the imagination with any beauty and human passion. The minds of the vice experts will get their pornographic "kick" at any cost to sanity, wholesomeness and probability. As these people will have no occupation, since there will be nothing to suppress, they will be thrown back upon themselves, and their excesses will eliminate them in the course of time.

Here, I fear, is the defect of this modest proposal on behalf of our human-all-too-human indecency. Its victims would be precisely such people as are responsible for the thousand and one prohibitions and censorships of our time. Even if they could be induced to look frankly at the fundamental acts of human nature would find expressed itself in pornography, they will never acquiesce in a proposal so prudent whose aim is the destruction of prohibition.

How Did They Do It?

DO you ever wonder how the ancient folk got along without the comforts and conveniences of today?

Without window-glass, without tooth brushes, without automobiles, without soap, without telephones, breakfast foods, stoves, and virtually all the items we consider bare necessities of life.

And have you ever wondered at the part advertising has played in the world's development? It has made and is making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed. It has increased the world's capacity for things that elevate, improve and idealize the important business of living. It is a big, vital force in fostering convenient and comfortable life.

Home! Can you imagine your own empty of advertised products?

Advertising is an authentic and essential guide to the markets of the world. Without its direction you lose much, and overlook much.

Don't fail to read the advertisements you find in this publication. Follow their guidance.

They will prove invaluable to you

Read the Announcement on page 4

Homer Boss

(*Continued from page 11*)

those that are made to please the public, and to sell. And the man who really sets out to satisfy himself finds that he is working toward a horizon that recedes exactly as fast as he advances. One always thinks of the old Hokusai in this connection. "If I only had thirty years more to live," (he was then eighty-nine), "if I could live twenty years more, even ten——." The great realization is always ahead, but when we come to know these men, they are the ones we care for permanently; for we are all believers in the things ahead of us, and so the pictures done by men who have insisted on progressing are a source of strength to us while the things so neatly aimed at the spot where we happened to stand at a given moment become a dead weight that we are glad to leave behind.

Here then is a brief record of the work of one man who has refused to stand still. First there came a period of conventional schooling during which his native Yankee handiness was developed to the point where he was quite sufficiently able to "draw what he saw." It is a proficiency shared by the thousands who have been trained for it; what makes the individual we call the artist is the faculty for seeing what those thousands overlook. And it was this idea that Homer Boss had impressed on him when he came under the instruction of Robert Henri. The principle of this teacher was that the hand would follow if the mind would lead; and his appeal was for deeper interest in life, as exemplified by the model, by nature, and by the work of the masters. He would bring photographs of their paintings to show to his students, and scarcely an evening of criticism was complete without some discussion of a picture by Velasquez or Titian or Rembrandt—or was it a Manet or a Degas? And so, for the young artist, the years around 1903 and 1904 were marked by concentration on the problem of expression thru character, thru the use of mass and light and shade, which were the phases of the picture most considered at the school. Of particular importance to Homer Boss were the visits of Thomas Anshutz, who came over from Philadelphia to give those unforgetable demonstrations of anatomy which have made numberless American students his debtor. Before an audience able to apply his lesson to their daily work, Mr. Anshutz would begin with a skeleton and build up the muscles of the body on it with clay, constantly referring to a model who stood beside the growing figure on the stand, and whose movements, dictated by the artist, showed the function of each muscle as it was added to the mass already on the bones. To perform this feat, something is needed beside anatomical knowledge and manual skill; a sense of function, a quality of imagination also is required. Possessing these latter faculties, Boss set himself to master the secret of the human mechanism and today, as in the time when he taught, he is one of the few men we possess who can

rehearse the drama of our muscular structure in the manner that Thomas Anshutz presented it to his students.

The years passed; the young painter had come before the public, careful observers had noted the seriousness of his effort. He had his first successes with the public, and continued the hard effort for a living that is the part of every artist who is not blessed with independent means, or hampered by the ability to please, which makes for easy selling. Does "hampered" seem a strange word to use? It is exact; for there is a period between the school years and the maturity of an artist when he must search about him and within him for the precise words that he is to speak. It is a dangerous time, for a too ready acceptance by the public means the arresting of the necessary research before the point is reached where the art goes on from its own impetus, unaffected by outer circumstances.

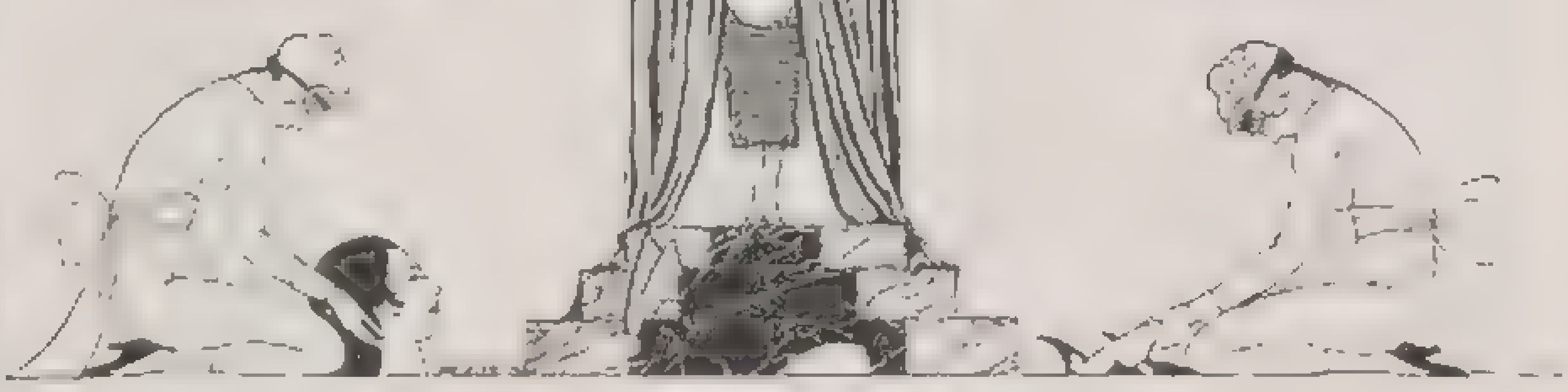
In the last decade, outer circumstance has played a very big part in the artist's life. The results of the great modern effort of Europe were brought to America, and every man young enough and honest enough to make changes in his work has had to face the necessity for a re-valuation of his ideas, he has had to ask himself whether he was going in the right direction, whether he must not modify his course by a point or two of the compass or by a complete about-face, as the case might be.

The self reliance we have noted in the character of Homer Boss was not of that narrow type which prevents an artist from accepting the criticism contained in other men's work. It was not necessary for him to throw away the qualities he had worked so long to achieve; he found that his problem was rather one of widening the application of the idea that had always absorbed him most. Just as the body has its mechanism in which each member, each muscle is functional, so in nature there is a structure which we must account for in painting if we are to satisfy the mind as to the truth of our expression. The artist who merely copies the outlines and lights and shadows of his model cannot carry conviction to the spectator—there must be that process of working from the inside, there must be a sense of unity, and it is not too dearly bought if extreme emphasis on a particular feature is given in order to make clear the dominating character of the individual or the scene represented. It was this idea that the modern French schools developed in Boss's work; they showed, by the freedom with which they handled the appearances of nature, that the great tradition of European art is the creation of a structure parallel in its expression with that of the scene which inspired the artist. It is when he realizes that he is making a picture, a totally new thing and not a reproduction of an old one, that the artist arrives at beauty of line and color and thereby proves the genuineness of his vision of his talent. The scene in nature is the same for all men, all recognize the various objects, their sizes, colors, position. If the artist does no

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Lines o' Beauty



TIME was when it was only the older women who worried about getting stout. Now we hear it on every side. The sweet young thing of sixteen adds hue and cry to fat and forty at the least suggestion of a too-plump figure.

They pause—envious and discouraged—before the slim lines of the woman who does anything and still retains "her figure"—and wonder how she does it.

The present mode is for the slim, youthful figure. There's no doubt about that. Every woman wants to be sylph-like, to accommodate herself to the short skirts, to the straight, modish, one-piece dress. And she can't do it if she's stout—whether she be sixteen or sixty.

Perhaps she is only beginning to be fat. If so, therein lies the proverbial straw—if fat women may be advised to catch at a straw! But action must be swift and drastic. It does not involve the woman who insists upon a life of ease and cannot grasp the connection between her over-generous waistline and her mentality.

The dread enemy—obesity—may be absolutely conquered by a mental and physical control, which sounds serious—but isn't.

It means diet and exercise. For excessive overweight is due to two causes unless there is some diseased condition; overfeeding and underexercise.

Dieting, to bring any results worth mentioning must not be spasmodic. Make sure that your weight is real overweight. From two to two-and-a-half pounds to each inch of height is said to be about right. The diet need not necessarily be a disagreeable one—but since fat people like fattening foods, we would advise a little of the will-to-grow-thin before attempting it—which is where the mental control comes in!

The severity of the diet must be determined by the individual's need to reduce. But it must be regular and it must cut down the starches, fats and sugars to the verge of cutting them out altogether in serious cases.

General rules with regard to diet may be laid down, but more specific ones will have to be worked out from experiments. Some find it advisable to omit one meal—preferably breakfast. Others find a cup of tea, coffee or broth a good substitute for breakfast or luncheon. One fat man testifies that he lost several score pounds by eating whatever he wished in small quantities.

For a strict reducing diet, however, certain articles should be forbidden: thick soups and gravies; pork in any form and fried foods; wheat bread, butter and cream; starchy foods and sweets, chocolate and cocoa.

This leaves chicken, lean meats and eggs; every kind of vegetable except potatoes, corn, peas and beans; nearly every kind of fruit; Swiss and cottage cheese; tea and coffee without sugar. Surely an infinite variety of food that may be prepared in various ways.

The other remedy—exercise—must be taken in the fresh air. This is of utmost importance to harden the muscles and strengthen the tissues, so that lessening weight need not be followed by flabbiness and an unpleasantly shriveled look.

This does not mean that one needs to shudder at the thought of exercise in the open air—or to begin desperately to acquire an elaborate wardrobe of sports clothes. On the contrary, one may discard all clothes and, after the morning tub, merely stand before a discreetly screened window and take a course of setting-up exercises that are especially adapted to one's particular needs. The theory is that oxygen is necessary to burn away the tissues that have become ungainly, and breathing in the fresh air is the best method of accomplishing this.

Swimming, skating, dancing, walking and riding are all excellent, of course, but are not in all cases practicable. But a few simple exercises, faithfully taken before an open window whenever convenient, amounting in all to half an hour will do the work.

These exercises go a long way toward making one graceful and easy. The carriage improves at once. One acquires the habit of conscious control and concentration, of giving undivided attention to every action performed; of insisting that each action shall be accomplished with interest, deliberateness, and consequently with grace.

It is marvelous what these setting-up exercises will accomplish when conscientiously followed. Not only in burning away unnecessary tissues, but in tightening the muscles and stirring the circulation.

If this process of acquiring grace and slimness seems a little slow, there is a re

ducing soap that is wonderful in its effect. It is to be applied at night after the hot bath, bathed off with tepid water in the morning, and followed by an astringent that contracts the muscles which may have become flabby thru reducing.

Very important, too, in preserving the lines of the figure is the right corset. There are corrective corsets that almost remodel the figure and give it proper poise and symmetry of line. Not that the mere wearing of corrective corsets will give a figure of normal slenderness. But the corset, plus diet, exercise and correct poise will take away bulges and give, if not slenderness—then symmetry.

The slim, youthful figure may mean patience and perseverance—a varied activity of mind and body which is after all the secret of keeping young.

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VALUES

By Paul Tanaquil

My words are wings
On which I fly,
My words are winds
That bear me high.

Your words are gold
In weight and worth
Ah! how they hold
You down to earth!

CREPUSCLE

By Bio De Casseres

The Day is dying.
The Night, with soft impeachment,
Stands in the shadows.
The sky is dismantled,
All its bright colors are folded in chests of silver;
The clouds have fled
To deck the brows of distant dawns.
The laughter of the rivulets is hushed;
The wind, importuning the field's last blush,
Falls broken in the grasses.
The sea strains at its leash of silence,
The hills—the catacombs of all dead days—
Stand bleak, and dark, and chill.
The expectant faces of happy flowers
Have drooped, and some have shut themselves in
Alone with their sorrow.
There are only dim hauntings
Of all the rapturous lessons of the air:
The swift tracery of the gull in its clapse,
The swallow with its parallelogram,
And all the spiral joy of the skylark
Have been staved. From every tree
And brake and bourne
Stand watchers in this sacred hour
One last ecstatic glow that stains a hemisphere,
A sigh, hollowed from a diapason of sound—
The Day is dead.
The grass, and trees, and tender things
Are wet with tears.

A High Northern Renaissance

(Continued from page 65)

the hearts of Danish poetry lovers. He was born and educated in Iceland, was a journalist there for a number of years, and published several volumes of poems in Icelandic. In 1907 he became connected with the Danish newspaper "Social Demokraten" and from that time until his death he lived mostly in Denmark. In 1911 he published his first book of Danish poems, "Sanga fra Nordhavet" (Songs of the North Sea), which immediately won him respectful hearing in the Danish court of letters. In 1914 he published another volume of poems "Sange fra de blaa Bjærge" (Songs from the Blue Mountains), which added to his reputation. His other work includes "Vildernes Poesi," the tales "Monika" and "Solrun," and a collection of stories and character sketches of Icelandic peasants, "Bredefjords-folk" (Folk of Bredefjord). In his short life he won a high place in Danish literature, and his work has been compared favorably to that of the poet Holger Drachman.

Desire for a larger audience sent these sons of Iceland adventuring in an alien speech. The population of Iceland is about 93,000 souls, and the total number of persons in the world who read Icelandic probably does not exceed 125,000. Altho the Icelandic reading public is voracious (statisticians tell us that Iceland's production of books is, proportionately, twenty-five times that of the British Empire), it is hard for so small a public to support a large number of writers. And the number of Icelandic writers is very large. Dr. Halldor Hermansson, curator of the Fiske Icelandic collection of Cornell University, in his "Icelandic Authors of Today" mentions 150 writers whose works are "of some consequence" and says that he could have more than doubled the list if he had included all who had published a work or works in Icelandic. The literary soil of Iceland is cultivated only too well, and so numbers of its gifted young men have turned to the languages of the Scandinavian mainland, in which they can reach a public of ten millions. They have brought something of the simplicity and power of their native literature to their new public. Their mother tongue, running like a half-heard melody thru their work, gives their Danish style a peculiar freshness and charm, much as the Gaelic behind the English prose of John Millington Synge lends his style much of its fresh, vivid quality. There is considerable likeness between the Icelandic writers whom we have been considering, and men of the Irish renaissance. Both go to the ancient literature and folk poetry of their respective countries for their inspiration, and the plays of both are lyrical as well as dramatic. William Butler Yeats said that "Eyvind of the Hills" made him think of Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows." The sagas live again in these Icelanders, and we may be sure that they will have followers to carry on the tradition. The frost of centuries is upon her, the rime-white mother of the sagas is still fertile, and has strong sons to carry her Viking spirit east and west over the world.

The Burmese Theater

(Continued from page 60)

England! He has been praised and lauded by every prominent personage and official in the land. More than two score of times, influential Englishmen have tried to persuade him to make the journey to the British Isles. One of the most prominent of English actresses offered him half of all her salary if he would join her company alone. But the Sir Henry Irving of the Orient—as the English in Burma have dubbed PoSein—never yet has been persuaded to leave his country.

One may still find a person who never has heard of Charlie Chaplin or David Griffith or Shakespeare. But nowhere in all of Burma, from the Bhamo jungles to Maulmain, is there a person who will not smile with pride if you say "PoSein" to him. For, whoever he may be, he has seen PoSein dance and play.

When PoSein plays he simply announces the place; the actresses come to him. At the beginning of the season, the troupes will come to PoSein for his counsel in regard to their composition. And PoSein will give all the best dancing girls and artists to the various companies, and takes what is left himself! A dancer is "made" after a year with PoSein. She goes on the road, her reputation well established. She has played with PoSein.

And be it said to this artist's credit that no road company ever becomes stranded for want of funds so long as they are within telegraphing distance of PoSein, Actor-Manager, Mandalay!

PoSein is perhaps more than any other one person or factor typical of the Burmese theater, a supreme artist, a generous heart, and a much loved man.

But no person can typify the Burmese theater! Even the theater itself cant do that. There is only one word that will indicate it—the Burmese theater—and that word is *joy!*

THESE ARE NOT MY HANDS

By Mary Carolyn Davies

These are not my hands with which I
grasp at life;
These are not my eyes with which I see.
Puritan and Viking now,
Bard and king and warrior now,
Clutch again at life thru me.

These are not my lips with which I kiss
your mouth;
These are not my tones that sound so
plain.
Helen clings to Paris now,
Guinevere is smiling now,
Cleopatra cries with love again.

D. H. Lawrence: Laureate of Love

(Continued from page 37)

The story tells how a middle-class English girl, Alvina, falls in love with an Italian, one of a quartet of touring players, and gives herself to him without hesitation or scruple. Alvina's love is merely physical, indeed, long after the pair are married and living in Italy, Alvina will not discuss political questions with her husband, whose mentality she despises. The physical attraction, however, is magnificently rendered.

It may be noticed that the love scenes of "The Lost Girl" are written wholly from the girl's point of view; the desire of the man is not even motived and the same thing is true of the earlier tale, "Women in Love." Now tho a girl's love is usually instinctive and undoubtedly affected by bodily qualities, it is seldom determined by them, seldomer still does it reach such heights of sensual abandonment. Alvina's love is so singular that it might almost be said to belong to pathology.

But the question still stands: why does Lawrence depict love as if he were trying to enter into a girl's soul. It seems to me that his mother's love for him was so overwhelming that it has colored his whole artistic life and all his dreaming.

Of course, this is only a guess; but after reading "Sons and Lovers," I wrote without knowing the facts that Lawrence must have been brought up in a coal miner's cottage and that the book probably contained the experiences of his own childhood. As I was right then, I may be right now, but it is quite possible that Lawrence wished to give the girl's view-point first, as the more difficult, reserving his own for a later, greater work.

I have left myself no space to speak of his poetry or other prose works; he has written a number of short stories, none of them, however, of outstanding excellence besides a travel-book on Siberia and a treatise on psycho-analysis, the second part of which has just been published. It is perhaps enough to say that Lawrence will rank as a novelist and not as a poet or thinker.

Adolescence

(Continued from page 49)

MARIA:

I'm half-afraid, tho I was bold enough
To come to you: will you marry, Don Juan?

JUAN:

Of course, I will: what delicate hands you have,
What lovely, kissing lips, what maiden breasts . . .

MARIA (with a loud sob of happiness):
Draw close the curtain: it is not yet dawn.

(CURTAIN)

Provincetown, Port of Art and Letters

(Continued from page 64)

design and with making it significant of the nervous individuality and independence of the times in which we live.

Of the Art Association's annual show, perhaps the most interesting point has already been told: its acquisition of a permanent home. I doubt whether anything will do more for creative vitality among our artists than for them to gain self-confidence and mutual trust enough to organize co-operatively for the exhibition of their work instead of depending on hide-bound public and semi-public galleries. And the Provincetown group has shown the way. They proved, too, that there is life still in older forms and manners if they are used imaginatively, and I think that they proved also that the conservative artists, if they be something more than mere copyists of a dead past, can afford to exhibit side by side with the newcomers. The result, as might have been expected, is that the radicals, with all their vigor and their eager, straining imagination, have to be equal or perhaps superior masters of their new style to rival the time-won assurance of their predecessors.

Part and parcel of the charms of Provincetown that have made it port of art and letters are its quaint town characters and its legends. There is the story of the Spanish galleon, washed far ashore by a titanic storm generations ago, exposed to view in part by a peculiar turn in the wind every fifty years just long enough for a few planks to be pried off as souvenirs and then restored to its half century repose by the drifting sands. There are fishermen's tales, too—tales of heroism and privation, of rescue and of tragic loss. And there are the modern counterparts of the figures that people these traditions—the men who will be the subjects of other traditions a generation hence: the village miser who lives in the basement under his darkened mansion, the town crier, the whaling captain whom O'Neill has already utilized in his one-act tragedy of the frozen North, "Ile," and several philosophical shopkeepers left over from our unsophisticated national past, as well as the ubiquitous and amusing Portuguese, the present-day fishermen and gardeners and day laborers of the Cape.

Diversions are simple in the port of art and letters and they are few enough to be thoroly appreciated. Everyone follows the hose-cart to a fire, swarms to meet the Boston boat and the two daily trains, and hikes off to the woods in berry time just as in all properly conducted small towns. There are trips to be taken to Highland Light, the second most powerful from Maine to Florida, to the Coast Guard Stations, and on occasion down the Cape to a fair or a circus at Hyannis or Orleans or Barnstaple. The submarines and the Eagle boats of the Navy in the harbor send their quota of "gobs" ashore to watch and be watched by the promenaders and the occupants of the busses that serve in lieu of street cars the rambling length of Commercial Street. For more sophisticated pastime, there are the costume balls two or three times in a summer, just as gay and not quite so rowdy as those of Greenwich Village. And in the evening in the wharf studio, which used to serve the Provincetown Players for their theater, a group of young artists, who call themselves Sixes and Sevens, serve coffee and cigarets around madly decorated tables to the accompaniment of song, largely provided by themselves.

So ideal a spot, of course, must have its drawbacks, but they are not numerous. That regular summer visitor to every coast resort, the persistent and penetrating mosquito, is here in force, dependent upon the direction of the breeze. The eternal sand trails you up on the porch and into the house. The busses run only when they happen to take a notion to do so. But these are small prices to pay for superior boons. Even if the authors pack their pencils off to even more primitive Truro, Provincetown is likely to continue to thrive as the premier port of the painter on our Atlantic coast.

Homer Boss

(Continued from page 71)

more than repeat them on his canvas he may cause admiration for his skill; he has not told us the meaning we feel to exist in the scene, he has not added to our intellectual stature.

The pursuit of these meanings, of these sources of enthusiasm, has been the consistent occupation of the artist before us. He is giving us a deeper vision of nature and of ourselves. He is of that company on which America must depend for the art which shall record its character.

PORTO RICO

By Faith Baldwin

There are shrines to Beauty here . . .
Mountains, burning, purple clear;
Mountains, breasted round, that lie
Soft, against a lapis sky.
Far-flung beach and emerald cave,
Crystal crested, shattered wave,
Palms, with green, triumphant ways;
Dancing palms, and opal haze . . .
Scarlet blossom, jewelled bird;
Moon, amazing, white as curd;
Stars, ripe hung above the sea;
Golden fruit on Heaven's Tree!
Sunshine! Sunshine! Winds which roam
Cool as water, soft as foam . . .
But, I know,
In the North the Spring may wear
Pale arbutus in her hair,
Summer's kind and Autumn's flame
Winter's more than just a name . . .
Beauty, as the seasons swing,
Has a hundred hymns to sing!
Here, is Loveliness: but there,
There is *Home*, New England air . . .
Let me go!

The Iridescent Irene

(Continued from page 33)

different from being immoral. To be immoral is a delightful experience, but to be unmoral means that we can never experience the pleasure that comes from being immoral."

As Miss Franklin let fly this little bit of Nietzschean (or Eva Tanguay) philosophy, a scrubwoman emptied a bucket of water on our toes, and we fled to the smoking-room underneath the theater, where Miss Franklin curled herself up on a lounge, and in the glimmer of a soft incarnadine light proceeded with her verbal callisthenics.

"Now I know you are going to ask me whether the pleasure of being a mother interferes with the business of acting, or whether the business of being a mother affects adversely the pleasure of being an actress.

"I play at everything. Life is a form of sport. I lead a double life. If you saw me at home rehearsing, teaching my girls how to grow up in the funniest of all funny worlds, making home-brew, superintending the cooking, and studying Freud and Flaubert, and could hear me at night lining out my famous (please say famous) songs, you'd say, 'That's the most extraordinary little woman since Semiramis—no, I mean Joan of Arc.'"

"I'll say so!" I butted in breathlessly. "I think——"

"Of course, I know what you think," whizzed away Miss Irene, with a merry gurgle in her eye. "Every woman knows what every man thinks. I've got a husband—you're all alike."

My ego cuddled up in my pineal gland.

"You were thinking," she sizzled, "'When in the name of Nox does she sleep?' Well, I haven't had four hours' sleep a night since Morpheus knows when. I have a great big reading-table next to my bed, and after putting the old man and the babies to bed (that's when I'm not on the road, of course), I read bits of all kinds of books and magazines 'till I fall asleep. Up with the birds. Women sleep too much. So do men. I believe in the strenuous life—it is perpetual youth. I utilize every moment of my time. I study and write my songs in automobiles, Pullmans, street cars, and between performances.

"I was born working, you know. At the goo-goo age of six months I was carried in the arms of my nurse thru a paper snowstorm in James A. Herne's 'Hearts of Oak.' I was a redtop then, much redder than I am now. Maybe I'm going blue-y with the rest of the country. I can recall the uproarious applause at my début. I sat up in my cradle the next morning and read what the Percy Hammonds and Alex Woolcotts said about my wonderful bawling.

"At the age of four I went over to the legitimate after two years in vaudeville. I played in 'The Celebrated Case,' 'The Banker's Daughter,' and Bobby Crockett in 'Davy Crockett.' The mashers—from six to eight years of age—impeded my way to the old hack after each performance. It was at that age that I first used the classic expletive, 'My Gawd!'"

"And Miss Franklin——" I interlarded.

"Then you know my career with Tony Pastor, of course. That's where I met Mr. Green, who writes the music for my songs and is incidentally my husband.

"'Kid,' says he, 'let me see to it that our graves will be kept Green.'

"'You're on, Burt,' says I. And we've lived happily ever after, both having a joint income tax.

"Why dont you write an article some time about the ravages of temperament among managers? Some of them go on as tho they had real brains, altho John Murray Anderson is a perfect delight.

"If you are collecting mottoes, here is one of my own, 'Dont have a wishbone where your backbone ought to be.' Maybe you've heard me sing that?"

I had. I was then on the running-board of the automobile, as chronicled erst.

Anyhow, here was a personality off the stage as breezy, as alive and as witty as you all know she is on the stage.

Easiest Ways

(Continued from page 19)

"But love," I said, "great love . . . doesn't that make for oneness, for a perfection of understanding, dont you think?"

"That least of all," Miss Starr smiled, adding, "there is always sex antagonism to reckon with."

"Then," I said, "love is not an easy way of life . . . ."

Miss Starr smiled a negative.

"Success," I said, "what of success?"

"What *is* success?" Miss Starr amended; she added, "Success consists in *keeping* it. Success is struggle, never letting down, being unceasingly vigilant. Success is a ladder, one rong leading compulsorily to the next. You can never stand long on one rong. If you do . . ."

"Yes . . . ?"

"You slip back one, rather than mount up one. That is success."

"What *do* you think is the great thing in life? The worth-while thing?"

"The first is Faith, I think. Faith in this world and the next, for which this, I know, is preparation. The other is kindliness, is being as *kind* as you can along the way. Faith makes an easy way for you, and kindliness makes easy ways for your fellow-men."

Faith. And Kindliness. Easiest ways so seldom trod.

APRIL'S EYES

By Le Baron Cooke

There's beauty in the fall winds,
And in the wintry skies;
And yet where *is* there beauty
To match young April's eyes?

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of SHADOWLAND published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1st, 1921. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the PRESIDENT of the SHADOWLAND and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Editor, FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Managing Editor, FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. Business Manager, GUY L. HARRINGTON, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .... (This information is required from daily publications only.) EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Editor-in-chief. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22d day of September, 1921. R. M. HEINEMANN. (My commission expires March 30, 1922.)

Motion Picture CLASSIC for January

Be sure to make CLASSIC one of your New Year's resolutions.

There's a reason!

Five beautiful gallery portraits of screen favorites.

Three fictionizations of current releases.

Twelve picture pages of interest, beauty, humor and timeliness.

Fourteen interviews with screen celebrities, both those who have "arrived" and those who are "arriving." Fourteen! Dont miss one of them.

Two pages of the entertaining Hollywood Boulevardier Chats by Herbert Howe.

One page of pertinent and witty screen comment by Frederick James Smith. You know it—its title is Double Exposure.

Two pages of the latest news from the Eastern studios.

Six movies of the month reviewed and discussed for your enlightenment.

Two theater pages of pretty girls.

One page of stage plays in review.

That's enough—isn't it? Start the year right with

Motion Picture CLASSIC for January

Motion Picture Magazine

January

"Justice."

Elinor Glyn has written a series of articles exclusively for the **Motion Picture Magazine** and to the first of this series she has given the above title. These articles tell of conditions as Madam Glyn found them in the land of orange trees, motion picture studios, and disappearing beds. She has not been fearful of facts, passing on the motion picture people, their lives and their morals, just as she found them. Her word picture will be interesting to read—

Madame Nazimova visited New York for the première of her shadowed **"Camille." Adele Whitely Fletcher** and **Gladys Hall** interviewed her and the novel one-act interview which resulted in one of the cleverest things that Miss Hall and Miss Fletcher have ever written.

Herbert Howe has his own ideas on **"Who Will the New Stars Be?"** Perhaps you will agree with him in some instances and differ in others. At any rate, you will be interested in his opinion.

Corinne Griffith is always beautiful—ever alluring. The new photographs which illustrate the interview with her by **Frederick James Smith,** however, are even more attractive than might be expected. And Mr. Smith evidently found her equal to the photographs.

The January Motion Picture Magazine

EDWARD LANGER PRINTING CO., INC., JAMAICA, NEW YORK CITY.

Corliss Palmer Powder



CORLISS PALMER

is the result of scientific research and experiment. Miss Palmer, by winning first prize in the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, was adjudged the Most Beautiful girl in America, and her Beauty articles in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have attracted wide attention. Read the Extract from April MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We have secured the exclusive American rights to Miss Palmer's Powder. We put it up in pretty boxes, which will be mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents a box. It comes in only one shade and is equally desirable for blondes and brunettes.

Do not think of sitting for a portrait without first using this powder!

And it is equally desirable for street use, in the Movies and everywhere. Send a fifty cent coin (well wrapped to prevent its cutting thru envelope) or 1-cent or 2-cent stamps and we will mail you a box of this exquisite powder. Remember that we have the exclusive selling rights to

CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Beware of imitations and accept no substitutes warranted to be "just as good." There is nothing else like it on the market.

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine April, 1921

I am often asked what kind of face powder I use. I have received more letters asking this question than I could answer, so I had a little circular printed stating that I make my own powder. And now they are asking me to tell them how I make it. Well, I cant tell how, but I can tell why. I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about tints and staying qualities, and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, magnesia carbonate, powdered orris root, bismuth subcarbonate, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the street, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Powder." I have made up a few boxes of it for my friends, and I feel justified in asking them to pay me what it costs me, which is about fifty cents a box or $1.00 for two boxes. I am not in business and do not want to make a profit. If any of my readers want to try this powder I will try to accommodate them, but I cannot undertake to put this powder on the market in a business way—that is something for a regular dealer to do if there is enough demand for it.



Cut out and mail today

WILTON CHEMICAL CO.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

For the enclosed fifty cents please send me a box of CORLISS PALMER POWDER.

Name ....

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COLGATE'S

For Christmas

YOU can almost fill your Christmas shopping list from this group of Colgate articles. Each article is favorably known and widely used in your circle of relatives and friends. The fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap—Florient Perfume—the soft, perfumed Talc in decorative boxes—toilet water, face powder, Charmis Cold Cream—the familiar "Handy Grip" and old faithful Ribbon Dental Cream—all are accepted as standard. In fact the name "Colgate" on toilet articles corresponds to "Sterling" on silver.

A dozen cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap (four boxes), or a year's supply of Ribbon Dental Cream—wouldn't you yourself rather receive *such* a gift than some more costly trifle that isn't what you would have selected for yourself! It is always safe to select Colgate articles for Christmas gifts.

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Large size, three cakes in a box—70c.
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Compact Face Powder, 35c.
Charmis Cold Cream, 25c., 40c. and 65c.
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